

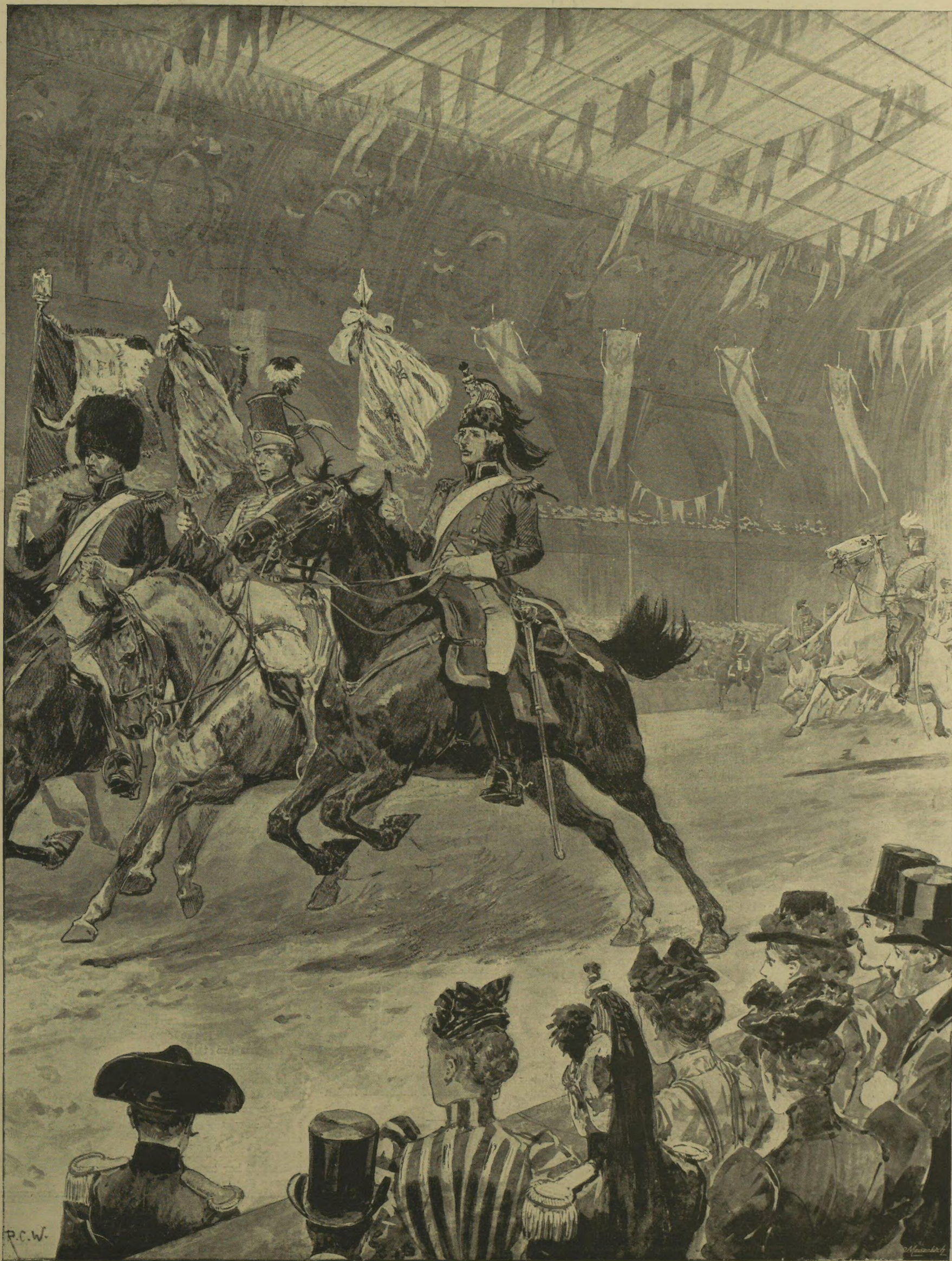
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WITH SUPPLEMENT: FUNERAL OF MARSHAL MACMAHON. SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



FESTIVITIES IN HONOUR OF THE RUSSIAN NAVAL OFFICERS IN PARIS: MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There are many discoveries for which we ought to feel grateful to Science, but now and then we have reason to wish she would not pursue her investigations so extensively. Of late years, in particular, she seems to have found a fiendish gratification in proving that everything we like is unwholesome: like Sancho Panza's physician, she stands at the feast of life, wand in hand, and when any dish which our souls love is presented to us she waves it away. The latest luxury, if, indeed, it is not a necessary, she has forbidden us is kissing. Professor Miller, of Berlin, has discovered that this agreeable practice is the cause of innumerable diseases, from "the bacteria which are transferred from one mouth to another, and also by inhaling the breath." Another physician describes the act as "an exchange of microbes." Think of that! This is a pretty piece of news for young people, and, indeed, for others—

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me.

The poet, it seems, might also add, "and in doing so risked catching (and what is worse, giving *me*) pneumonia and tonsillitis." I have given up remonstrating with the doctors, who seem to be unaware of the disbelief in their calling which these denunciations of harmless things is creating, but I venture to remind them that their brethren have held a diametrically opposite opinion as regards kissing. The idea of prolonging life by inhaling the breath of young women was favoured by many physicians of the last century. The editor of the "Valeudinarian's Guide" (in 1779) confesses that he took a dose whenever he could. "I am," he says, "turned of sixty, and in general, though I have lived in various climates, and suffered severely both in mind and in body, yet having always partaken of this remedy when the opportunity came in my way, I feel none of the infirmities, which so often strike the eyes and ears in this great city of sickness (Bath) in men many years younger than myself." Not a word does he say about "an exchange of microbes," and if it had been mentioned to him would probably have contented himself with the unscientific but sensible observation that exchange was no robbery.

The letter of the newspaper correspondent whose calling suggests *Ars Longa* but who signs himself "Vita Brevis," upon the subject of verbosity, was singularly appropriate, since it appeared on the same day with the account of the fifteen-hours oration delivered in the American Senate; his suggestion is also quite reasonable, that the charges made against long sermons hold equally good against long speeches. He exaggerates, perhaps, a little in affirming that "if a man can't say what he has to say in ten minutes, what he wants to say is not worth waiting to hear"; but the interminable length to which political speeches have grown, both in the House and out of it, is indeed deplorable. The explanation of the patience with which people continue to listen to them is probably to be found in the attraction which gratuitous contributions of all kinds afford to the great majority of mankind. Our race is gregarious, and we derive satisfaction in finding ourselves in company with our fellow-creatures, and the more of them the better. An accurate student of human nature describes three persons waiting at the pit door of a theatre. "Why are you pushing so?" inquires No. 2 of No. 3, "there is nobody behind you." "No," replies the other, "but there will be presently; and what is the fun of a crowd if one mayn't push?" Pleasures of this kind, accompanied by noise and excitement, probably confer more happiness upon a mixed audience than prolonged oratory, and, at all events, enable them to endure it. It is strange indeed if they really like to hear the same thing said over and over again, when it is so tiresome to read it. There are reasons, however, why public speeches, though of much greater length than sermons, are borne with less impatience. They are about matters we understand, or think we do, and our views coincide with those of the speaker; the sermon does not come home to us with the same force, being upon a subject, alas! in which we often take less interest, and is, of course, less capable of proof. Moreover, what is the key of the whole matter, we listen to the sermon under more or less of compulsion, but go to the public meeting of our own free will.

The custom of dancing, I am informed on good authority, has of late years lost its popularity with our gilded youth. In vain is the net, even in the artless invitation "small and early," spread in the sight of any male bird. The daughters of Shiloh may dance in the vineyards, but find no longer eligible *partis* in the sons of Benjamin. And this will be still more the case if the lady who is reported to have commenced an action for damages against her partner for breaking her leg should win her cause. She says he was "so clumsy," and one would also think so energetic. The dance, too, must have been of a vehement character—such as the great Scipio Africanus delighted in. "Not those effeminate movements," says Seneca, "which announce voluptuousness and corruption of manners, but those manly, animated dances which even our enemies might witness without abating their respect." He probably refers to "kiss in the ring" or "clear the kitchen," which

have, so to speak, no nonsense (in the way of studied repose) about them. In the twelfth century the damsels of London used to dance in the evening before their masters' doors, not, one would think, without some obstruction to the traffic; but Stow laments the abolition of this "open pastime," which he had seen (and perhaps practised) in his youth, and expresses his belief that worse things now go on indoors. In the last century the minuet was the favourite dance in the best circles, though, by-the-bye, it was not a round dance. Here is an advertisement of a professor of that date: "At Duke's long room in Pater-noster Row [what a place for a ball!] grown gentlemen and ladies are taught a minuet with the modern method of footing. For the greater expedition of such as choose to dance in company, there is a complete set of gentlemen supplied [doubtless by the "universal provider" of the period] every Monday and Wednesday evening for that purpose. . . ." The minuet has been admirably described by Leigh Hunt as—

Stately of pace,
Mutual worship of conscious grace;

but it had not always that effect on the beholder. Lord Chesterfield describes a couple dancing it "as though they did it for hire, and, moreover, were not certain of getting the money." Still you could not well break your partner's leg at it.

It is only too common in these days for persons to leave the world upon very slight grounds of annoyance. A hasty word, and even a want of appreciation of our literary talents, is excuse enough for cutting short our mortal coil. What Shakspeare had his doubts about, as to whether our sleep after death is dreamless, we settle for ourselves in the negative. It is a question, after all, for people to decide for themselves; but it is a very different matter when we take to shooting other persons for the same slender reasons. The motive is always selfish and personal; bores are not shot, not "because what is everybody's business is nobody's business," but simply because the public good is the last thing that enters into the mind of these homicides. They think nothing of shooting a young woman who very naturally prefers someone else to themselves: even in this case the area of slaughter is limited to youth and the gentler sex; but there are signs of extension of this practice in much more serious directions. The last example treads dangerously near the literary profession, for, though it happened in a newspaper office, it might have done so in that of a magazine. A proof-reader has shot at an editor for refusing to leave some work of final revision in his hands; and, pleased with his first success, afterwards fired "into the brown" (or black) of all the employés of the printing-office; those he did not bring down on the spot jumped out of the second floor window. If his object had been to provide a paragraph for the paper (though it would somewhat resemble the action of the man who burnt down a village to obtain roast pig), one could have admired the fellow; but his motive was merely private pique. There are many excellent reasons for shooting an editor, but to do so because we are denied a final revision of somebody else's leading article seems an utterly inadequate one.

As regards advertisements, it seems to have been established of late that things are not only not "what they seem," but in some cases much worse. The skilled eye detects all sorts of wickedness where simple folk see no offence. It is, therefore, with some tremors that the guileless pen ventures to allude to this class of literature, lest the deadly nightshade lurk beneath even the wind-flower and the wood-violet. Still, it is among the flowers, if anywhere, that we may look for innocence and sensibility. Let us pluck this specimen from our daily paper: "Orchid grower; thirty; single. Enthusiastic life experience. Excellent testimonials." We do not doubt it for a moment, but if, as one supposes, it is a matrimonial invitation, why is it not couched in plainer terms? As for a common taste for orchids forming the foundation of a happy union for life, the subject is out of my experience altogether, but there would surely be no indelicacy in indicating the sex of this enthusiast. Like an insufficient telegraphic address, this is carrying economy too far. Even at eighteenpence a line, it seems worth while for an advertiser, who evidently seeks a partner, to state whether he (or she) is a gentleman or a lady. In a state of reticence, possibly with the same intention, there is no such reticence: "Bezique.—A lady, with spare time daily, will play the above drawing-room game to amuse an invalid. What offer?" What, indeed! It will probably form matter for future consideration. I am an invalid myself, but I do not play bezique. Is it possible that the mere spectacle of seeing it played can, as in the case of a musical instrument, afford amusement?

It is in a great part due to the influence of club life, Lord Salisbury tells us, that the custom of drinking has almost disappeared among the upper classes. Something of this is perhaps owing to the influence of opinion, for even a toper who thought nothing of getting drunk in congenial company and among his Bacchanalian friends might hesitate to do so among strangers; but the chief cause of the improvement is doubtless the introduction of the after-dinner cigar. Tobacco was frowned upon at home before

our womankind began to appreciate its soothing effect upon us, and the smokers naturally took refuge at their clubs. Then it very soon did away with the snuff-box, and more gradually, but quite as surely, with the magnum of claret after dinner. A few old gentlemen still stickle for a glass or so—which two generations ago would have been a bottle—but the minds of most men who have dined well turn, like a flower to the sun, to the smoking-room. The speeches which follow our public dinners would now be quite intolerable to the young and middle-aged but for the mitigation of tobacco. The ignorance of the anti-everythingarians about social matters is proverbial, but it is never so clearly demonstrated as in those who denounce tobacco upon the ground that it leads men to drink: it does lead them to drink—coffee. It may be said, if it pleases the opponents of the fragrant weed, that it is only one bad habit driving out another, as the gout expels a fever, but the fever is, at all events, far the more dangerous of the two.

Man is so unhappily constituted that he must have some weakness, and we ought to be thankful when it is but a little one. If teetotallers could have discovered something nice and yet invigorating as a substitute for liquor, instead of those dreadful temperance drinks they in vain present to our notice, our golden youth might have been won from the slavery of the wine-cup that way, but, as it is, their enfranchisement has been effected by the cigar. The reform thus commenced in the club has been perfected in the home. The ladies have wisely withdrawn their opposition to a rival who is only to be feared by those who ignore her attractions; some there are, it is true, who still declare they will never admit the fair Nicotina within their gates; but, it is to be observed, these have had no experience of how men drank at home before they learned to smoke abroad. The former habit hurts more than the curtains, and even those (if housewives would only believe it) suffer no harm from the humble pipe. No doubt the clubs took some time to effect this moral reformation. A hundred years ago there was a club in St. James's Street, probably the immediate ancestor of the Travellers', called the Transalpine. To be a member it was necessary to have crossed Mont Cenis: and I am afraid a good deal of drinking went on in that establishment. The *Times* birched it in its infancy for its naughty ways: "One of the advantages of modern travel, it seems, is to be entitled on your return to waste your time at home with those who have wasted theirs abroad. This is the reward of what is called seeing the world—namely, seeing those who have seen it too," and seeing them, one fears, double. In those days there were an infinite number of excuses given for drinking—

Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest we should be, by and by,
Or any other reason why.

and, according to the author of "Patchwork" (a delightful collection of good things), only three for not drinking. An American gentleman gives them: (1) "I can't drink, for I have just lost a near relative"; (2) (when he was pressed) "No, I really can't, you know; I'm president of a teetotal society"; (3) (when he was much pressed) "No, I can't indeed. I'm liquored up to the bung." A still better reason is now constantly given: "No, thanks; no more wine. I want to smoke."

The familiar heading, with its strange provincial sound, "The prisoner Coombs before the magistrate," has disappeared from the newspapers, perhaps for good. There certainly seems to have been no evidence to justify a further remand. The case, though entitled a "romantic" one, was commonplace enough, save for the time that elapsed between the commission of the crime and its discovery; but what renders it remarkable was that the victim appears never to have been missed. She does not seem to have been a nice person; but that can be said of very many of us, whose absence would nevertheless be remarked upon if we suddenly disappeared, whereas no human being seems to have inquired of another what had become of this unfortunate girl. The poet of comic opera sings of a good many people who "never would be missed," but, as a matter of fact, almost everybody is missed, though his departure may not be regretted. This is what, next to the disposal of the body itself, makes the concealment of a murder so difficult. Curiosity is almost as much to be dreaded by the criminal as the solicitude of love itself. What has become of him? is the question sooner or later asked, when any familiar figure, however humble, has disappeared from our locality. Even if, as in the case of Mr. de Jong's wives, the individuals are taken abroad, they awaken notice, the more so, perhaps, because they are foreigners; and though it is nobody's business to inquire, when they disappear people do inquire. About the victim in the Bath murder there was no such curiosity. It is deplorable to reflect how utterly the poor creature was forgotten, save by the one person, whoever it was, who was answerable for her absence. It would be appalling to think that her case was a common one, but it is certainly not so; nor would even her disappearance have failed to excite comment but for her own act. She had given out that she was about to go to London, and it was taken for granted she had done so. To give a false account of one's future movements is in such cases to play into the hands of one's murderer.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I availed myself of the first opportunity that presented itself to see "The Bauble Shop" of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and, as luck would have it, I saw this interesting play to great advantage. It was up at Islington at the Grand Theatre, and there was assembled an audience such as an actor loves. The house was crowded from pit to gallery, not with the *blasé* and bored playgoers that are sometimes found at the West-End, but by a compact and enthusiastic multitude that hung on every word of the author and appreciated to the uttermost every tone and suggestion of the actor. There are grave financial reasons nowadays that seem to necessitate the ten-shilling stall, but, without a doubt, these expensive luxuries do destroy the heartiness and excitement that once existed when the pit benches went straight up to the orchestra. Applause is, after all, the stimulant that an actor loves, and the expensive stall, if it has not destroyed, at any rate has checked, that hearty encouragement that keeps an actor alive. Just, for instance, contrast the Haymarket as it was in the days of Webster and Buckstone with the Haymarket of to-day. Then the actor played to the people, who were not ashamed to express their feelings; now he plays to those who do not consider it "good form" to show their opinions one way or another. When the people in front of the actors come in early or late, as suits their convenience; when they are perpetually going in and out and fidgeting about; when, more often than not, they indulge in loud conversation about their own private concerns, it must be the most difficult thing in the world for an actor to establish the necessary magnetism between himself and his audience. The electric current is being perpetually checked or broken. In days gone by I have had many a conversation with Charles Mathews on this subject. He lived both in the days of the pit and in the days of fashionable stalls, but he never could quite reconcile himself to the new order of things. There never was a more sensitive actor. I have seen him stop short and look appealingly to a party of chatterers in one of the boxes, and I have little doubt that his opinion on the lost pleasure of acting consequent on the establishment of stalls would be cordially endorsed by such old actors as Mr. Walter Lacy, Mr. Henry Howe, and Mrs. Keeley.

Mr. Charles Wyndham is, I opine, an actor quite as sensitive as his predecessor Charles Mathews, and I have certainly never seen him act better or with such spirit as he did up at Islington. And the same remark applies to the whole of his company. From all I can gather, improbability of incident was the great difficulty when "The Bauble Shop" was first produced. Everyone seems to have admired the brilliancy of the dialogue and the power of character-painting, but they could not swallow the scene in the House of Commons, or the suggestion that the personal character of a member could be impugned there when debating a matter of grave public importance. I did not myself experience the difficulty so much as others have done, and it certainly did not trouble, concern, or affect an Islington audience. The interest never flagged for an instant; in fact, it was so great that, so far as I could see, no one stirred from their seat, and when the curtain drew up on the last act, not a dozen people could have guessed how the story was to end. To my mind "The Bauble Shop" is by far the best thing Mr. Jones has given to the stage in the way of a comedy of modern life and character, better even than his "Saints and Sinners," which was modern, unconventional, and original enough in all conscience. The characters of the aristocrat and the democrat are admirably drawn, and so is the girl of the period. In many of his plays and dramas of serious interest Mr. Jones has shown nice appreciation of modern character, but seldom so successfully as here. I don't really see how the characters taken by Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Valentine, or Miss Ellis Jeffreys could be better or more naturally acted. It is the most interesting play of the kind that I have seen since "Rabagas," a work that I always thought might have been adapted for the English stage. We have our Gambettas in the political and County Council world, and no one understands the vestryman, Dissenter, and local politician better than Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. What is this bee that some of the disputants have got into their bonnets that some of us have leagued ourselves against freshness of idea, novelty of treatment, and unconventionality? Not a bit of it. What sane man has ever yet insisted that dramatic reform should stop short at "Caste" or "The Two Roses"? Nobody, so far as I can see. For my own part, I wish we could get dozens of plays as fresh and original as "The Bauble Shop." It can offend nobody, and must interest all.

Mr. Willie Edouin and Mr. Harry Paulton make a very "happy pair" indeed at the Strand, and they have fallen across a clever and amusing little farcical work called "The Lady Killer," which has the additional merit of being extremely well acted. But there is plenty more fun in the programme besides that, for Mr. and Mrs. Willie Edouin (Miss Alice Atherton) send their audience laughing home over the eccentricities of "Binks the Photographer," and the eternal burlesque of transpontine melodrama in

"Mary, the Maid of Misfortune." The more variety there is at the playhouse the better. Some like melodrama, and some love the Morgue. As regards the latter—

One pays one's debt in such a case.

I plucked up heart and entered—stalked,

Keeping a tolerable face,

Compared with some whose cheeks were chalked.

Let them! No Briton's to be baulked.

But when it comes to a question of amusement the majority, I imagine, prefer melodrama to the Morgue.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FUNERAL OF MARSHAL MACMAHON.

The funeral of Marshal MacMahon in Paris, on Sunday, Oct. 22, was a grand and solemn pageant, with a procession from the Madeleine, by the Rue Royale, the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysées, and down the Avenue d'Antin, crossing the Seine to the Invalides. The funeral car, drawn by six black horses, was accompanied by State officials, the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, the Minister of Marine, and the Vice-Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, followed by the other Ministers, the foreign Ambassadors, the Russian Admiral Avellan, and many officers of the army. Among the mourning wreaths was that sent by Queen Victoria, with her own handwriting, to express her "regret and profound sympathy"; another was from the Prince of Wales. The military escort, headed by the Cuirassiers and the Republican Guard, comprised many regiments of cavalry, artillery, and infantry. In the Chapel of the Invalides the religious service was performed by the



Prince Waldemar of Denmark. The Czarévitch. Prince George of Greece. Prince Nicholas of Greece. Prince Carl of Denmark.
ROYAL CYCLISTS AT FREDENSBORG, DENMARK.

Photo by A. T. Collin, Lyngby.

Abbé Gardey, and the Archbishop of Paris gave the benediction. The body was deposited in a vault at the Invalides.

An interesting feature of the funeral was the presence of the parish priest of Magenta. Marshal Canrobert said to him, "You have performed a good action in coming here to pay Italy's last homage to Marshal MacMahon. On returning to your country, tell the Italians that you saw Marshal Canrobert, who, before closing his eyes, would fain see Italy and France marching hand in hand as formerly at Magenta and Solferino. Take care of the tombs of our soldiers who fell on your battle-fields. They died for Italy."

TEMPERANCE MAYORS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

The Lord Mayor of London, on Saturday, Oct. 21, presided at the Mansion House over a meeting convened by the National Temperance League, attended by the mayors of provincial towns who are total abstainers from intoxicating drink. There are forty-two such mayors in England and Wales this year. Among those present were the mayors of Hull, Swansea, Rochdale, Burslem, Luton, Batley, Workington, Henley, North Shields, West Bromwich, Pontefract, Bideford, Maldon, Christchurch, Wareham, Shaftesbury, and Okehampton. On the platform were also Mr. Robert Sawyer, Recorder of Maidenhead, Mr. C. E. Tritton, M.P., Mr. A. C. Morton, M.P., the Hon. Conrad Dillon, Mr. A. L. Foster, late Chief Superintendent of the City Police, and Mr. Robert Rae, secretary of the league. The meeting was addressed by the Lord Mayor, by Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, M.D., president of the Medical Temperance Association, which has seven hundred members, and by the mayors of Hull, Swansea, Rochdale, Burslem, Luton, Batley, Workington, Bridgewater, and Henley. These bore testimony, as magistrates, to the evils of drunkenness, and dwelt on the inestimable benefit which the working classes in particular would derive from becoming total abstainers. Several also stated that they had been heartily congratulated on the entertainments given by them as mayors, notwithstanding the absence of wine and all alcoholic liquors.

RUSSIAN NAVAL OFFICERS IN PARIS.

The visit of Admiral Avellan and the other Russian naval officers to Paris, from Tuesday, Oct. 17, to their departure, on the following Tuesday evening, when they returned to their squadron at Toulon, was a brilliant series of festive hospitalities. Besides State banquets given by President Carnot and the Ministers of the French Republic, and by the Paris Municipality at the Hôtel de Ville, there was on the night of Oct. 19 a grand torchlight procession through the Avenue Victoria, the Boulevard Sebastopol, and the Northern Boulevards to the Place de la Concorde, with bands of music, cavalry, fire brigades, and other accessories, and with a fine display of coloured lights. On the next evening there was a great ball at the Hôtel de Ville. The military tournament, at the Salle des Machines of the Great Exhibition in the Champ de Mars, was an attractive spectacle. Admiral Avellan called on many distinguished persons, among others, on Marshal Canrobert and on the Archbishop of Paris. All the Russian officers, on Sunday, attended the funeral of Marshal MacMahon. These festivities have not been accompanied by any expressions of feeling hostile to Germany or to the other foreign nations of the Triple Alliance.

At Toulon, and at the neighbouring town of Hyères, the Russian officers who remained at the station of their ships, with many of the seamen, have been handsomely entertained from day to day. Illuminations, processions, aquatic spectacles, theatricals, concerts, luncheons, "vins d'honneur," dinners, balls, gymnastic, fencing, and cycling performances, balloon ascents, and picnic excursion parties have occupied the time. The naval hospital of St. Mandrier was visited by the Russian naval surgeons, and the dockyards and arsenals were opened to inspection. The Russians had arranged to give a ball on Oct. 28 on board two of their largest ships, moored alongside each other, and connected by a temporary floor. The departure of the squadron for Villafranca was fixed for next day, but it is expected that the Emperor Nicolai, the Pamiat Azova, and the Teretz will be permanently stationed in the Mediterranean. A Russian Consul has been appointed at Toulon.

ROYAL CYCLISTS AT FREDENSBORG.

The pleasant family party assembled by the King and Queen of Denmark at Fredensborg Castle has dispersed to different countries of Europe; the Czar and Empress of Russia have returned to their own residence at Gatchina, King George has gone home to Greece, and the Princess of Wales, with her daughters, has arrived at Marlborough House. One last memorial of the holiday recreations of the illustrious party is furnished by a correspondent at Copenhagen, who sends us a photograph of some of the Princes ready with their bicycles for a fine healthy kind of exercise which is popular with men and boys of every class and rank all over the world.

LORD SALISBURY AT PRESTON.

The Marquis of Salisbury, on Tuesday, Oct. 17, visited the town of Preston, in North Lancashire, to open the new building of the Conservative Working Men's Club, and in the evening made a speech at a great meeting in the Preston Public Hall, where Alderman Birley presided. His Lordship, after commenting upon the recent speech of Mr. Gladstone at Edinburgh, complained that in this year's Session of Parliament, to be resumed on Nov. 2, all useful legislative work had been sacrificed to the Irish Home Rule Bill, which the Prime Minister had tried to drive through by force, without allowing its due examination, against the will of the people of the north of Ireland, against the majority of the representatives of Great Britain, and against the overwhelming majority of those of England. The House of Lords had, therefore, interposed, as it had a Constitutional right to do. Both Houses were organs for ascertaining and carrying into effect the will of the nation, of which an essential and predominant part must be the will of England. This was not a purely Irish matter; it was an English and Irish question, no settlement of which could be carried against the will of England. Until Mr. Gladstone could convert England, he could do nothing; and, "however weak the House of Lords might be, it was infinitely more strong than he, so long as it had England at its back."

THE KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW.

This show, at the Crystal Palace, from Tuesday, Oct. 24, to the following Thursday, has attracted numerous visitors; and the collection of various breeds, of bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Great Danes, Irish wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, pointers, setters, foxhounds, beagles, Scotch and English terriers, sheepdogs, bulldogs, spaniels, foreign curiosities and toy-dogs, has presented an amusing diversity, such as exist only in the canine race. Our Artist's page of drawings will give some idea of their variety, but does not invite any special classification.

THE LATE MARSHAL MACMAHON.

Marshal MacMahon's funeral became unexpectedly a European event. The last fourteen years of his life had been spent in utter retirement, except for a visit to the horse show in the Palais de l'Industrie, or at meetings of the Wounded Soldiers' Relief Society. He might have been seen occasionally in 1889 going round the Irish stalls at the Universal Exhibition for the purpose of making small purchases.

If he could have afforded, he would have spent largely, for the Marshal had a profuse hand in spending money; but, obedient in all things to military rules, he never went into debt, unless when he was head of the army or President of the Republic. The Marshal was a man of few words, but his feelings were constantly running into action or causing inward struggles which ended by his placing them under strong restraint. In his Autobiography, written during his retirement to show his children the motives which ruled his long and eventful life, self-restraint often appears as the curb which stopped his native impulse to go forward. It must be apparent to anyone who has watched his public life that this power, which in the end always controlled him, arose from a conscience that was always on the alert and that never surrendered to argument, threat, or persuasion. In Ireland he would have been spoken

M. Thiers' suspicious afterthought was groundless, and that his original judgment was sound. In the crisis of May 16 the Marshal's enemies feared (and his friends hoped) that he had made up his mind to brush aside the Parliament the country was called on to elect, should it turn out Republican. Nothing was further from his inmost intention. He had on his soul the responsibility of shooting down 20,000 Parisian Communists, because they were not in the letter of the law—at a time, too, of revolutionary seething, when there was no political constitution. He was not going to let his own conduct be their justification, but was determined to abide unswervingly in legality and honour, whatever the consequences might be to himself and his party. Had he died before the reign of Wilsonism and the exposure of Panama corruption his moral grandeur might have been overlooked. But he outlived them, and people, in gathering on Sunday round his coffin, felt that an honest man is the noblest work of God.

MacMahon's military feats were mainly due to his quick and keen perception, his spirit, and those moral qualities to which I have called attention. In the fights in which he distinguished himself courage was not only half the battle but the whole battle. Moral courage was sustained by his physical pluck. The bravest act of his life was to stand alone against the whole Imperial Senate in a debate and division on a public safety measure dictated to that body by the Court. To understand what

that most became him. He might have remained at the Elysée with the support of Gambetta, who foresaw that if the Marshal withdrew, Grévy, who disliked him, and who had often stood in his way at Tours and Bordeaux, must come in under an arrangement made by Thiers shortly before his death. Gambetta was, therefore, anxious to come to a secret agreement with MacMahon for the latter to remain at the Elysée, and for both to play into each other's hands. Re-election to the Presidency at the close of the Marshal's term of office was promised. Messages were sent through a mutual friend, M. Clément Laurier, and others, and indirectly by the Maréchale's sister, Madame de Beaumont. But the Marshal sent word that, France having decided in favour of a Republic, he was no longer the man to head the executive. He had been beaten, and he remained in office after his defeat only because it was represented to him that if he resigned before the opening of the Universal Exhibition it might be a failure. The Prince of Wales had promised to send his Indian collection, which would be a brilliant feature, but would not if there were a Government crisis. Gambetta had said: "The Marshal should submit or resign." The Marshal elected to resign.

While MacMahon's quarrel with the clerics was going on the Marshal was summoned to head a division of the Army of the Rhine. It is not only possible, but likely, that he might have given the campaign a more favourable turn



MEETING OF TEMPERANCE MAYORS AT THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON.

See "Our Illustrations."

of as a "real gentleman"; in France he was the "honest Marshal." A man of honour he was certainly considered, but his standard of honour was on no conventional basis. One day he was in the room in which a professor was giving a lesson in literary style to his children. Selections had been set from eighteenth-century writers. A neat passage by Marmontel was quoted on the painful state of a man of cultivation whose duty and whose honour were in conflict. MacMahon interrupted the lesson with: "That Marmontel is a plausible talker. He ought to have been a barrister. Nothing can be more false than what he says. Duty and honour are all one. Take heed, children, to do your duty, and your honour will come out unscathed." This was not a French conception of honour; but the Marshal, though devoted to France, was not in any single respect a Frenchman. He was Irish all over, but without Hibernian sparkle. A Belgian mother, perhaps, was the cause of this. She was of the illustrious house of Caraman. The Marshal's perceptions, however, were keen and rapid, and he had the visual memory of the Irish Celt. The love of decency, which separated him from many of his comrades in youth and made ribald talk distasteful to him, was certainly not Gallic. There was a mettle in his high spirit, which often showed itself in honest pride. And yet the Marshal was remarkable for his humility and freedom from egotism. It was these qualities that made Thiers choose him for the command of the Versailles army, which was formed in 1871 to subdue the army of Paris. Thiers judged that he would never prove a Monk. But he repented, and seemingly with good reason, of his judgment. When MacMahon was at the Elysée he proved that

that meant, one should consider the absolute power of the Emperor, who was supreme master of the army. Napoleon could have easily found a pretext for blighting MacMahon's career. At the time this public safety measure had come on, the latter happened by chance to be in town. Being a Senator he was sent a copy of the Bill which General L'Espinasse had prepared. He read it and thought it hardly less criminal than Orsini's attempt, and went to L'Espinasse to say so, but failing to see him and hearing that the Bill was to be rushed through the Senate, hurried there to oppose it. At the close of the sitting he found himself alone. Everyone shunned him. Another act of courage—which he did not intend as one, courage being so natural with him—was avowing to the Emperor in 1870 what his plebiscitary vote was. He was Governor of Algeria in the spring of that year. The Emperor asked: "M. le Maréchal, did you vote 'yes' or 'no'?" "Sire, I voted 'yes.'" "Why?" "I intended to vote 'no.' But when I saw that all the regiments sent for punishment service to Algeria voted with the 'noes,' I could not make up my mind to be on the same side as such a pack of rascals." Gambetta in 1876 was elected chairman of the Budget Committee, and thought to gain the Marshal by getting his colleagues to vote him an allowance of £12,000 a year for travelling expenses. MacMahon did not refuse the grant, but he never drew a farthing of it. He went on several long and costly tours into the provinces, both before and during the 16th of May crisis, but always at his own expense.

The Marshal's resignation was one of the acts of his life

for France had he, on retreating from Wörth to Chalons, where the Emperor was, been obstinate in pushing on towards Paris. Salvation could only be found in his taking his 120,000 soldiers there. But the Empress thought the evil day might be put off, and that she could make terms with the King of Prussia. A forged telegram, signed "Bazaine," was brought by M. Rouher to Chalons. It stated that the sender had broken away from Metz, was near Mézières, and hoped MacMahon would join him. The march on Sedan ensued. Not a single French general save the Marshal knew the lay of the land round that town, and he was wounded at six in the morning on Sept. 3.

MacMahon was up to 1870 a lucky general. He was always gaining victories without making plans. Many other generals made plans, and gained no battles. Unless at Malakoff, he had never in his life ten minutes to make up his mind before taking a decisive step. When he reached Italy and advanced into Lombardy, in 1859, he found there was no intelligence department, and that information about the movements of the enemy was not to be had. Climbing to the top of a church tower, he saw how their cavalry were moving on the horizon, and then and there decided to force them to fight. His first victory over the Austrians ensued. On the day he saved the Emperor at Magenta he was ordered in a different direction from the one he finally took; but, hearing a great cannonading towards Buffalora, he decided to rush there; and he did not come a moment too soon, the bulk of the French army being taken between a wide canal and the deep Ticino. He was not given ten minutes to say whether he would be President of the Republic or not.



BRUNETTA.—DRAWN BY ALF J. JOHNSON.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, was visited by the Lord Chancellor, on Oct. 19, and on Sunday, Oct. 22, the Duke of Portland dined with her Majesty. The Right Hon. H. Campbell-Bannerman is the Minister in attendance.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters, Princesses Victoria and Maud, arrived at Sheerness on Saturday morning, Oct. 21, from Copenhagen in the Royal yacht Osborne. Their Royal Highnesses, who had been absent from England for several weeks, were received with salutes of guns from the batteries and the flag-ship Thunderer, and came on to London by special train. At Charing Cross they were received by the Prince of Wales, with whom they drove to Marlborough House.

Lord Vivian, the British Ambassador to Italy, died in Rome on Saturday, Oct. 21; he was in his sixtieth year. A memoir of his Lordship will be found among the Obituary records.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Alderman George Robert Tyler, was presented to the Lord Chancellor on Tuesday, Oct. 24, the first day of term, by the City Recorder, Sir Charles Hall, in the Prince's Chamber at the House of Lords, for her Majesty's approval of his election. The Law Courts were reopened that day at the Royal Courts of Justice.

The Central Assembly of the Ulster Defence Union, six hundred delegates elected by 170,409 persons to oppose the Irish Home Rule Bill, held its first meeting on Oct. 24, at Belfast, the Duke of Abercorn being president, and Mr. Thomas Sinclair vice-president. Resolutions were unanimously passed adhering to the position taken up at the Ulster Convention of June 17, 1892, and by the great meetings of Irish Unionists in London and Dublin, repudiating the "disastrous and degrading scheme" of Mr. Gladstone for a separate Parliament and Government of Ireland, and heartily approving of the patriotic and constitutional action of the House of Lords in rejecting the Home Rule Bill. It was also resolved to invite subscriptions to a Defence Fund, only to be called up in the event of a separate Irish Parliament being enacted, to be used at the discretion of the Council.

The Duke of Connaught, commanding the Aldershot Military Division, presided on Oct. 24 at a lecture on the "Strategic Geography of Central and Western Europe," by Dr. T. Miller Maguire, at the Prince Consort's Library, Aldershot.

The seventh exhibition of cookery and food organised by the association for the promotion of the sciences of cookery and domestic economy, was opened at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, on Oct. 24, by Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The mayors of the northern industrial centres, at a meeting held on Monday, Oct. 23, at Sheffield, passed a resolution regretting that a settlement of the coal trade

stoppage, the committee of the federation invite him to name six chartered accountants of position, one of whom shall be selected by Mr. Pickard, M.P., to examine the books of three representative collieries in each district for the purpose of ascertaining what the earnings of the men really were—the result of the investigation to be published.

The Bishops of Liverpool, Ripon, and Wakefield, in addressing their Diocesan Conferences on Oct. 24, spoke of the deplorable effects of the colliery strikes.

The London County Council has agreed to purchase from the Crown about ten acres of the site of Millbank Prison, at £2500 an acre, for the erection of dwellings for the working classes.

The office of City Marshal to the Corporation of London has been filled by the election of Sir Simeon Stuart, Bart., formerly on officer in the 5th Dragoon Guards.

The week's visit of Admiral Avellan and fifty Russian naval officers to Paris ended on Tuesday night, Oct. 24, when they started by railway for Lyons and Toulon, after attending the performance at the Grand Opera, to which Russian music and dances were added. They meet with a special reception at Lyons. President Carnot, with M. Dupuy, the Prime Minister, M. Develle, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Admiral Riunier, Minister of Marine, and the Count de Montebello, French Ambassador to Russia, goes to Toulon and visits the Russian squadron on Friday, Oct. 27; attending also the launch of a new French ironclad war-ship.

The public funeral of M. Gounod was solemnised at the Madeleine on Friday, Oct. 27.

The British Mediterranean squadron, under command of Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, left the port of Taranto, at the southern extremity of Italy, on Friday, Oct. 20, and has arrived at Spezia. Its officers have been most cordially received by the Italian naval, provincial, and local authorities, and have enjoyed some pleasant invitations, besides the full customary honours due to ships of a friendly nation. On account of the death of Lord Vivian, the British Ambassador at Rome, the intended festivities at Spezia would probably not take place.

The campaign against the Matabele in South Africa has begun with a successful action, the news being, to Oct. 17, that the Fort Victoria column of the British South Africa Company's troops encountered a force of 2000 Matabele, and killed and wounded many; but the enemy would not descend from the hills, and retreated in the direction of Bulawayo. One British officer, Captain Campbell, was killed. The advance of the troops is facilitated by the activity of a large number of native scouts. The Mashonas have captured and brought into Fort Victoria some hundreds of the enemy's cattle, and killed some of the Matabele.

Sir Henry Loch, the Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner, has informed the Hon. Cecil Rhodes that the sole control of the settlement of the Matabele question has been relegated to himself. This has given rise to much comment, from the fact that Mr. Rhodes is on the scene of action. It is reported that the fifty volunteers from the West Riding Regiment, under Captain Watson and Lieutenant Trotter, who have been sent to Mafeking, are really intended as an escort for Sir Henry Loch to Bulawayo.

In East Africa Sir Gerald Portal and Colonel Rhodes have arrived at Zanzibar on their return from Uganda. Captain Macdonald has been left in supreme command. Soon after the departure of the Commissioner the rival native factions again quarrelled. In the second week of June fighting commenced and continued several days. The Mohammedans had been led to expect that their cause would be espoused by Selim Bey, the commander of the Soudanese soldiers formerly in the employment of Emin Pasha, but who had enlisted in the English service. The Protestants and Roman Catholics joined and attacked the Mohammedans, who were driven back into their own country, with the loss of several hundred killed.

In Australia, Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith has decided to resign the Premiership of Queensland, and to visit Canada and England. Sir George Dibbs, the Premier of New South Wales, has obtained a majority vote of the Legislative Assembly setting aside the censure of his Government for aiding the French Pacific Ocean cable.

CRYSTAL PALACE CAT SHOW.

At the twenty-fifth annual cat show, opened at the Crystal Palace on Oct. 17, the highest honours were gained by a beautiful blue Persian named "Trixie," belonging to Miss Jay, Holmwood, Putney Hill, which gained the Cat Club's gold medal, two silver medals, first prize in its class, and four special prizes. Other leading prize-winners were "Xenophone," belonging to Mrs. C. Heslop, Darlington, which was awarded first prize in its class, a silver medal, and a special prize; "Jimmy," shown by Mrs. Herring, Lee, Kent, which gained first prize in its class and a silver medal; "The Duchess," sent by Mrs. Pearson, Hull, first prize and a silver medal; "Kitty Kara," belonging to Mrs. F. Walker, Old Charlton, first prize, two silver medals, and three special prizes; "Siamese King," shown by Mr. E. Hill, County Down, Ireland, first prize and silver medal; a blue Russian, sent by Mrs. Heslop, which took a first and a special; "Syrin" and "Fumosa," two kittens, shown by Mrs. Robinson, Cheltenham, to which were awarded first prize and a silver medal.

PERSONAL.

British diplomacy has lost one of its most distinguished representatives in Lord Vivian, G.C.M.G., C.B., her

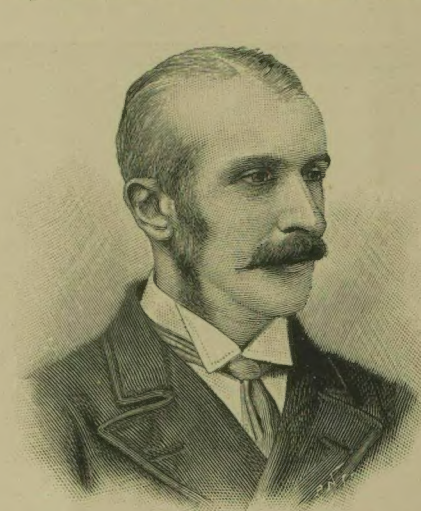


Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.
THE LATE LORD VIVIAN.

Majesty's Ambassador in Rome. Despite Wotton's sarcastic dictum that "an ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth," we are justly proud of our Diplomatic Service, in which Lord Vivian had played a conspicuous part for many years. He was born in 1834, and was educated

at Eton, entering the Foreign Office at the age of seventeen. He accompanied the Earl of Clarendon to Paris in 1856, and the Marquis of Breadalbane to Berlin when the King of Prussia was invested with the Order of the Garter. He was the bearer of the draft treaty dealing with the annexation of the Ionian Islands. Other consular duties followed till he became Minister Resident to the Swiss Confederation in 1879. Next, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, he went to Denmark in 1881, and three years later to Belgium. He succeeded his father in the Peerage as third Baron Vivian in 1886. At the Slave Trade Conference, held in Brussels in 1889, he acted as British Plenipotentiary, and received the honour of G.C.M.G. at the conclusion of his labours. In 1892 he was appointed Ambassador in Rome on the departure of Lord Dufferin for Paris. Lord Vivian had a charming geniality, which gave him troops of friends, and a "far-sight" in politics, which was a very important factor in his career.

Mr. F. Lyon writes, with regard to our recent article on Christ's Hospital: "The writer asks for the derivation of 'The Giffs.' This is a curious instance of the corruption of a name, and of the loss of its meaning, in the course of a few years. I was at Christ's Hospital from 1848 to 1853, and at that time the porter at Christ Church Gate was named Jeffery Isaac Fuller, an old man who had had that lodge for about forty or fifty years. The boys called him 'Old Jif.' The gate was called 'Jif's Gate,' and the old cloister 'Jif's Cloister.' I rather wonder that your artist did not give an illustration of the curious tablet existing, among others, in Jif's Cloister, with the inscription 'Here lies a Benefactor, let no one move his bones.' Let us hope that among the changes about to be effected in the old school the wish of this unknown Benefactor may be respected. For my part, I am ignorant of the origin of the name of Johnny's for the shop."

Herr August Wilhelmj, the gifted violinist, and one of Wagner's stoutest champions in the days of the struggle, has forsaken the Fatherland (for a while, at any rate) to come and live in London. He has taken a house in St. John's Wood, and, as we understand, has decided to make this his headquarters for at least three years. So far, though, Herr Wilhelmj has not made up his mind when and where he will make his reappearance on the English concert platform. That he intends doing this some time or other we have the best reason for believing; and, indeed, it would be nothing short of an artistic calamity were the musical world to be deprived of the talent of this splendid artist, who, so far as years are concerned, has not yet passed his prime.

Mr. T. C. King, the tragedian, who recently died at Birmingham, is chiefly remembered by very old playgoers as a coadjutor of Charles Kean, in the Shakespearian representations at the Princess's Theatre. Mr. King belonged to the school of actors which Mr. Frederic Harrison considers unapproachable by the dramatic artists of our own generation. A good presence, a sonorous voice, and a measured declamation were the gifts of King as they were of Barry Sullivan. They failed to commend either tragedian to the London public, but they enjoyed a steady popularity in several provincial cities, where a distinct taste for the old-fashioned "legitimate" acting still lingers.

Something ought to be made of James Sullivan. He has all the pertinacity of the boy Jones (popularly known as Inigo Jones) who was always getting into Buckingham Palace. But Sullivan's ambition takes a wider scope. He has an unquenchable thirst for travel, and the British Islands are too small for him. He was charged lately before a London magistrate with "being a stow-away on board H.M.S. Crocodile." Your ordinary stow-away is content with the mercantile marine, but nothing less than one of her Majesty's ships was good enough for James Sullivan. When the sailors discovered him they treated him kindly, and gave him seven shillings to buy sweets at Port Said. James had a turn for commerce as well as for travel, and with his newly acquired capital he speedily became the master of three pounds. The magistrate decided to send him to his mother at Liverpool; but that was a poor device. Sullivan's true sphere is South Africa, and the sooner he is exported to Mashonaland the better it will be for our colonial "expansion."

The Parisian enthusiasm for everything Russian has found quaint expression in feminine toilette. Some genius in the hat and bonnet line has adapted the imperial standard of Russia to the head-gear of the Parisiennes. The Russian bonnet consists of a double-headed bird, on a small piece of yellow velvet. The bird is not an eagle; it



Photo by W. Field, Putney.

THE CAT SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: MISS JAY'S PERSIAN CAT, WINNER OF EIGHT PRIZES.

dispute had not been arrived at on the basis of their previous proposals, and declining in the meantime to make any further suggestions. In the various districts affected by the strike there was no perceptible change in the situation. On the London Coal Exchange there was a further advance in prices of 2s. per ton. The secretary of the Coal-owners' Federation has addressed a letter to the Mayor of Sheffield stating that, as controversy has arisen as to the average amount of wages earned by colliers before the

more nearly resembles a sparrow, and a patriotic Russian might regard it as a rather dubious compliment. But then a Frenchman with a sense of humour, if there ever were such a being, might feel equally dubious about the gigantic Gallic cock which crows from morn to dewy eve on the Gambetta monument.

By the way, the effusion between France and Russia recalls a remarkable speech of Talleyrand to the Emperor Alexander I. at Erfurt. The arch-diplomatist was then out of favour with Napoleon, and he expressed himself to the Czar with much frankness: "Sire, the French are civilised, but their Sovereign is not. The Sovereign of Russia is civilised, but his subjects are not. The Sovereign of Russia is the natural ally of the French people." Omit the allusion to Napoleon, and this is precisely the speech which might be made in Paris to-day. As to its accuracy, nothing need be said.

The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh must have believed himself to the day of his death a very ill-used man. He



Photo by J. P. Clarke, Bury St. Edmunds.
THE LATE DHULEEP SINGH.

was the son of old Runjeet Singh, the "Lion of the Punjab"; but he had no experience as a ruler, for his dominions were annexed by the Indian Government when he was a child. The Government, no doubt, thought they behaved handsomely to Dhuleep by pensioning him with forty thousand pounds

a year, on which he endeavoured to maintain the state of a country gentleman in Suffolk. A few years ago the expenses of his establishment became insupportable, and he petitioned the Government for an increase of his allowance. It is said that he asked at the same time for the restoration of the great Kohinoor diamond, which was part of the British loot in the Punjab. Getting no satisfaction from the India Office, Dhuleep set off for India, but was stopped at Aden. In a fury, he betook himself to Russia, and offered his services to the Czar's military advisers. Probably he was convinced that his name and lineage would raise a revolt in the Punjab against British rule, and he was prepared to impress the imagination of the Punjabees by a mechanical trick for producing "Pepper's Ghost." At Aden he publicly abandoned Christianity, which he had professed during his career as a sportsman in England; and the Aden officials, with unspeakable gravity, authorised a number of Punjab natives to travel from India for the express purpose of witnessing the ceremony of his return to the Hindoo faith. Discouraged by his reception in Russia, he took up his residence in Paris, and before his end he made his peace with the British Government, through the intercession of his son, who is an officer in the British Army.

There is a whole crop of cases of parental cruelties to children, and it has become a serious question whether such offences ought not to cancel all legal rights to the control of offspring by their natural guardians. A man named Greenwood has been sentenced to a heavy term of imprisonment for gross barbarity to his six children, who were left to starve while he amused himself at race meetings. He had insured their lives, and openly declared that they would be more valuable to him when they were dead. When this ruffian comes out of jail he will have legal authority to assert his claim to the custody of these unfortunate little ones. It is high time that the law should declare that such misconduct is a forfeit of all parental responsibilities.

The German Emperor William made a stirring speech on Oct. 22 at Dresden, where he met an assembly of the

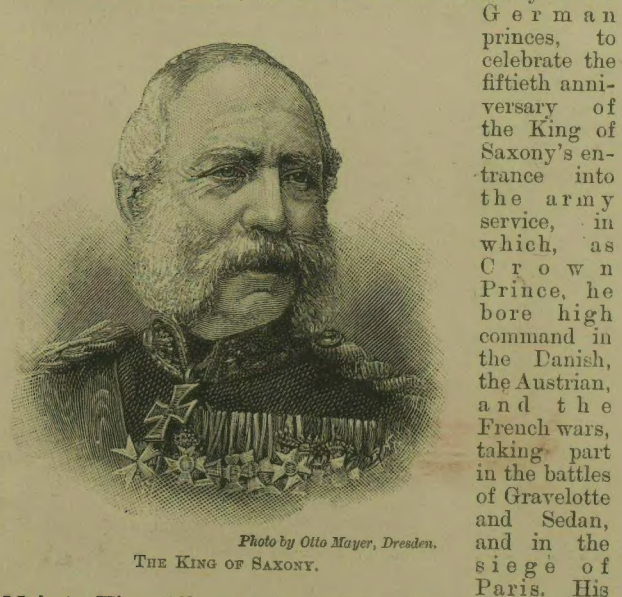


Photo by Otto Mayer, Dresden.
THE KING OF SAXONY.

Majesty King Albert of Saxony was born in 1828, eldest son of the late King John, whom he succeeded in 1873. He is a Field Marshal of the German army, and has unquestionably shown a degree of military talent worthy to be compared with those of the famous Prussian generals in the field more than twenty years ago, several of whom have been removed by death. The kingdom of Saxony has still its own Ministry of War.

The reorganisation of the Church of England in the Dominion of Canada, which numbers 644,000 professed



Photo by Bruce, Toronto.
THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP MACHRAY.

members, was completed in September this year by an assembly of the General Synod held at Toronto. That Church, not altering its principles, its creeds, or its formularies, is now independently constituted, with three Archbishoprics and with a number of Bishoprics, which may be increased, when there is need. The Right Rev. Robert Machray, D.D., since 1865 Bishop of Rupert's Land, at Winnipeg, Manitoba, has been raised to the rank of an Archbishop, and unanimously elected Primate of the Church in all Canada. He is a native of Aberdeen, in Scotland, born in 1832, the son of an advocate, and was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, and at Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge, taking his M.A. degree in both Universities, while at Cambridge he won the Taylor scholarship in 1852, and in 1855 gained mathematical honours as a wrangler, and was elected a Fellow of his college. In 1856 he was fully ordained, after which he held, successively, two vicarages, Newton and Madingley, in the diocese of Ely, and became dean of his college, University examiner, and in 1865 was Ramsden University preacher. At midsummer of that year he was consecrated as Bishop, to succeed Bishop David Anderson in Rupert's Land, a country then remote from civilisation, with but a few scattered settlements and the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company. The labours of Bishop Machray have been very zealous and successful, and he has been a munificent benefactor to St. John's College at Winnipeg, of which he is Warden, and Professor of Mathematics and of Ecclesiastical History. He is prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

The Prime Minister of the Austrian Empire—Hungary being constituted as a separate kingdom, with its own

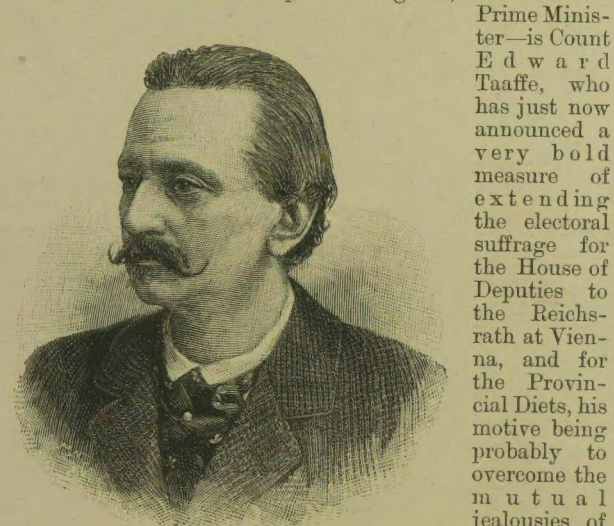


Photo by Adèle, Vienna.
COUNT TAAFFE.

Prime Minister—is Count Edward Taaffe, who has just now announced a very bold measure of extending the electoral suffrage for the House of Deputies to the Reichsrath at Vienna, and for the Provincial Diets, his motive being probably to overcome the mutual jealousies of the German, the Czech or Bohemian, the Moravian, the Polish or Galician, the Styrian and Dalmatian, and other different races of Austrian subjects, and to lessen the political power of the ancient aristocracy and of the clergy. Count Taaffe, since he took office in 1879, has proved his ability as a statesman, and his predilections are Liberal, while he seems to enjoy the full confidence of his Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph; but he will have much opposition to contend with in the present state of parties.

It seems that Lord Roberts has accepted the Governorship of Malta after all. During the recent controversy about the Aldershot command it was stated that he had declined both this appointment and the Governorship of Gibraltar. There are alarmists who say that Lord Roberts may yet find that his Mediterranean post is a good deal more responsible than that at Aldershot. Rumour in the City declares that France has come to a secret understanding with Spain in regard to Morocco. The story goes that the French have advanced some millions to the Spanish Government for the expedition against the Moors, and that in return Spain is to hand over a considerable part of Morocco to the French. What the Spanish would gain by such an arrangement is not clear, on the face of it; but the suggestion is that France would reciprocate further by opening her ports to Spanish wines. If that were done the trade of Spain would receive an extraordinary impulse, and the unwary tourist who carries a quantity of Spanish money over the frontier into France might not find three-fourths of it quite worthless.

In the person of the Bishop of Mauritius, who has just come to England, we recognise a very well-known London clergyman. Dr. William Walsh, before he was raised to the Episcopate, was for many years the active and amiable Superintendent of the London Diocesan Home Mission, an organisation for supplying extra clergy for the poorer districts of the Metropolis. He had also a wide and varied parochial experience. Both at Watford, where he ministered to the classes usually to be found in villadom, and at Newington, where he was face to face with many of

the keenest problems of parochial life, he fulfilled his part well as a conscientious and devoted parish priest. Not a brilliant preacher, he was, nevertheless, always sound and sensible in the pulpit, and he had a happy knack of adapting himself to the capacity of his hearers. But he was most at home in matters of organisation and administration, and it was without surprise that his friends learnt, some four years ago, that he had been chosen for a bishopric where these powers would have full play. No one, however, had the least idea how severely his energies would be taxed. He had only been out in Mauritius just twelve months, when one of the most violent cyclones known in the history of the island swept across it, dealing damage and devastation everywhere. The loss of life was considerable, while the damage to property involved the loss of thousands of pounds. Churches, mission-rooms, and schools were swept away, but the Cathedral remained, and the Bishop promptly opened it as a refuge for the homeless and a hospital for the wounded. Aided by liberal help from England, Bishop Walsh began to rebuild, and now that he has finished the restorations, he has come to England to seek help, material and personal, for the ordinary work of the diocese. At present he is recruiting with Mrs. Walsh at Bath.

In reference to the death, at the age of eighty-three, of the Rev. Dr. Robert Perceval Graves, Sub-Dean of the

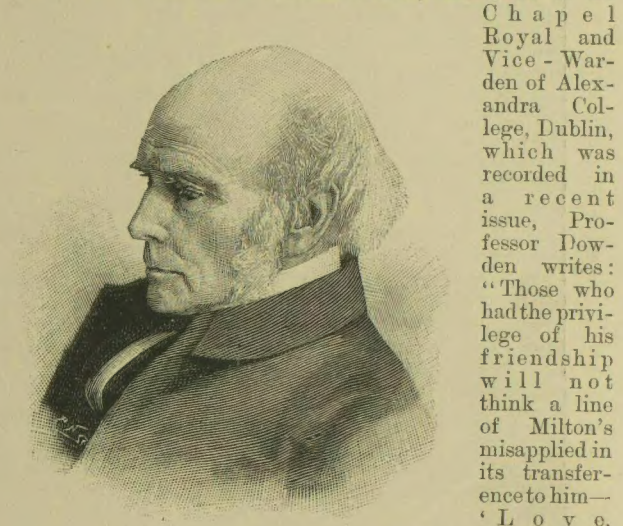


Photo by Lawrence, Dublin.
THE LATE REV. R. P. GRAVES, LL.D.

Chapel Royal and Vice-Warden of Alexandra College, Dublin, which was recorded in a recent issue, Professor Dowden writes: "Those who had the privilege of his friendship will not think a line of Milton's misapplied in its transference to him—'Love, sweetness, goodness, in his person shined.' In literature he will be remembered by his monumental life of the greatest mathematician of the century, Dr. Graves's close friend, Sir William Rowan Hamilton. It was a laborious undertaking for a man already of advanced age, and was executed with all the advantages conferred by good judgment, good taste, unflinching sympathy, and untiring industry. During the last fifteen years of the great poet's life, Mr. Graves—then a clergyman at Bowness and at Ambleside—was the intimate friend of Wordsworth. Some of his recollections of Wordsworth's conversations were contributed to Dr. Grosart's edition of Wordsworth's prose works, and an admirable lecture by Mr. Graves on 'Wordsworth and the Lake Country' appeared in the last volume of Dublin 'Afternoon Lectures.' During his years in Westmoreland he resided at Dove Nest, Windermere, a house rendered sacred to him through its previous occupancy by Mrs. Hemans, to whom he was attached by the most devoted friendship and whose closing years he did much to cheer. Scott, Southey, Hartley Coleridge, the Arnolds, Tennyson, F. D. Maurice were among those whom he had personally known, so that in his loss a living link with the literature of the past is broken. His sister was the wife of the historian Leopold von Ranke; his brother, a distinguished scholar, is the present Bishop of Limerick; his nephew is well known as the author of some of our happiest Irish songs. In Alexandra (Ladies') College, which owes so much to Dr. Graves, his influence was always exerted on behalf of true culture and a reverent liberality of opinion. He ruled by a gentle influence, but behind the gentleness there lay much quiet strength."

The Most Rev. Robert Bent Knox, D.D., Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of the Irish Protestant Episcopal

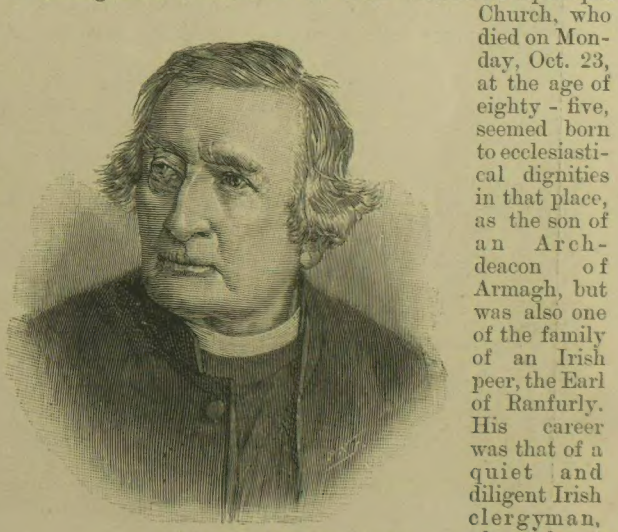


Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.
THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

Church, who died on Monday, Oct. 23, at the age of eighty-five, seemed born to ecclesiastical dignities in that place, as the son of an Archdeacon of Armagh, but was also one of the family of an Irish peer, the Earl of Ranfurly. His career was that of a quiet and diligent Irish clergyman, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, rising to the Bishopric of Down, Connor, and Dromore in 1849, and in 1886 to the Premier Archbishopric of what had then become a Disestablished Church. Presiding occasionally over its General Synod, he aided very judiciously in the management of its affairs, temporal and spiritual, and his tolerant counsels had their effect in carrying out, prudently and charitably, the measures rendered needful by its separation from the State.



LORD SALISBURY AT PRESTON.

"However weak the House of Lords may be, it is infinitely more strong than Mr. Gladstone so long as it has England at its back."

WILLIE.

by
ANNE THACKERAY.
(MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE.)



PART I.

"I DON'T like him," said the poor lady anxiously—"not that he isn't very clever, and all that; and, of course, he is very persuasive and very handsome, don't you think so?—but he has hardly anything besides his curacy except what his poor old mother allows him, and I do think it is such a pity he is going to refuse the naval chaplaincy—it seems such a chance, even though it is the West Indies. My dear William was out there for years and years before he ever thought of marrying me. It was there his liver—"

"Has Wilhelmina anything?" I interrupted.

"She has her pension of £100 a year, but she loses that if she marries, and, of course, she couldn't go on board ship," said the poor mother, nervously trying to pull her right-hand glove on to her left fingers, "and, indeed, he sometimes tells the girls it would be dishonourable to marry, and that he feels his call is here among his flock, and not on board ship at all; he says the sea disagrees with him. He wishes to be a life-long friend to them both—to Willie especially, and she wishes it, too, and so does Dickie. Oh! I don't know what to wish, and I can't bear to seem so cruel and unkind, and I thought I would come and talk to you," said the poor lady in the crumpled bonnet, fixing her wistful watery eyes upon me. "Dear Miss Williamson, you have so much experience: tell me what I ought to do," she repeated, as if the fact of four or five years' seniority endowed one with omniscience as well as extra wrinkles, and enabled one to solve all the complicated riddles of life straight off. And surely of all the riddles of life none are more difficult than those of poor parents whose children are bent upon making fools of themselves. Perhaps it is even more difficult for mothers than for fathers to refuse their consent to hopeless entanglements; men are more inclined to romance; but sentiment has an attraction for women against which all their extra experience of impecunious life, of threadbare difficulties, speaks in vain.

"She says I am breaking her heart," went on Mrs. Willoughby: "I'm sure it's the last thing one would ever wish to do. My dear Willie was so happy and sweet until this horrid friendship began. Dickie is almost as much upset as Willie herself, and I know if their dear father was alive he would so entirely disapprove, and be so annoyed with me for having allowed it at all." As Mrs. Willoughby sat there, a meek, big woman, in her shabby black gloves and red comforter, she reminded me of some picture I had seen hung up in a National school of a bleeding old pelican. Wilhelmina and Cordelia, unappropriately curtailed into Willie and Dickie, were old pupils of mine. Dickie was concentrated and dark, and took, I suppose, after her late father; Willie was a simple-minded little creature, and, favouring her mother's side of the family, she had the prettiest fair curls imaginable, pinned up in shining ripples like sunbeams round her little pink face.

"I think you are perfectly right to object to this indefinite engagement," said I, adjusting myself to my character of impartial justice, "and you are only doing your duty. Now, I like Mr. Balsillie well enough, but he oughtn't to marry upon his income, and he shouldn't have said anything at all about his rubbishy friendship."

Mr. Balsillie was an active young man in a round black clerical hat, with a book under his arm, lodging on the floor below mine. I met him of a morning when starting on my daily round. I met him after my day's teaching as I was wearily trudging home again, and he would be going off once more, brisk and energetic, for an

active evening among the mothers and grandmothers of the parish. He was a forward young man, I used to think, but not a bad fellow, as he took off his wideawake with a friendly flourish and clapped it down vigorously again. He was what is called a powerful preacher. He used to shout at his congregation (many of the ladies were slightly deaf), and they certainly preferred Mr. Balsillie to Archdeacon Meakin. Mr. Balsillie used to suggest all sorts of exciting possibilities—Pitfalls, Passions, Worldly Ambitions; he used to warn us against Drunkenness, against the Wiles of the Devil, the Temptations of the Flesh. As Mrs. Willoughby used to say, one felt quite adventurous after one of his sermons.

All this time my poor pelican had been sitting waiting for a more definite answer, and after some consideration I produced my verdict. "I think a change would be the best thing for Willie," said I. "One can't do everything all at once; she must be influenced by degrees. I am going up north to stay with your old friend, Lady Frances. I might take Willie with me?" Mrs. Willoughby, poor soul, clutched at my straw. "Oh, yes! Oh, yes, dear! If only the girls will be persuaded," said the agitated woman. "Perhaps Dickie may see the advantage for her sister."

Kind Lady Frances agreed to my request without any difficulty, but as for Willie, she was as cross as such a good little creature could well be. When we told her of the plan, she looked stormy, stony, grumpy, indifferent by turns, even her curls seemed to lose some of their shine; and Dickie also protested. We had almost given the whole thing up in despair when, to our surprise and relief, Mr. Balsillie himself, to whom Mrs. Willoughby impulsively appealed on the doorstep, suddenly took our side. "It will do her good," he said, in his clerical tone; "she

needs a little change. I know Lady Frances and the country round A— well. I—I have friends in that neighbourhood. Pray urge her to go from me." There was something peculiar in his tone, to me most irritating, but one had to be thankful for small mercies.

Thus it happened that Wilhelmina and I started off together for our northern journey, comfortably tucked up in our two corners, with our luncheon overhead in a hamper. Mrs. Willoughby was on the platform to see us off, in her usual shabby black; she had left the red comforter at home, but her spider-like veil and limp jet



Just at the last moment, as the guard was banging the doors of the carriages, there was a sudden scuffle.

trimmings, her shabby gloves and goloshes, seemed to typify the history of this unselfish, incapable lady. Her clothes hung limper than other people's, her fluttering ribbons and feelings, her watery blue eyes and pink nose, appealed to the very rails for sympathy as she stood, suppressing her tears, with Dickie beside her, trim, cross, indignant, looking daggers at me. I had influenced Mrs. Willoughby, I was carrying Willie away, I was crushing her heart under my foot, besides Dickie's own sisterly sympathies. Just at the last moment, as the guard was banging the doors of the carriages, there was a sudden scuffle; a third figure, with long, flying coat-tails, waving a broad-brimmed hat, rushed up, and was immediately pulled back by the brute force of a couple of porters. Mrs. Willoughby threw up both hands and burst into tears, the engine gave a shriek, the train moved off; Willie, who had started up with quivering lips, not speaking but trembling and very much agitated, fell back deadly pale into her seat—we were off!

The only other passenger in the carriage was a fashionable lady of a certain age, who came with jingling bracelets to my help, producing so many restoratives—flasks, salts, eau de Cologne, and vinaigrettes—from her various receptacles, that I felt she also must have suffered. Poor little Willie meekly accepted the various objects handed to her, and by degrees stifled sobs succeeded to her stony agitation, and then, as she began to quiet down, I realised that my holiday had begun. The train was travelling past Hatfield and across the wide Hertfordshire plains by this time; the country was looking delightful in its autumnal robes—brown, crimson, pranked with gold. What a contrast was this delightful landscape, with its drifting clouds and flights of birds, to those weary trudges along the dusty West Kensington streets! My little companion sat silent; only once or twice she averted my gaze with a shy, reproachful look. It was my unkind conduct which caused the train to fly so quickly, my cruel persuasions which had induced her mother to send her away so far, piling all these counties, these fields and villages, these palings and church steeples and cottages and fruit-trees between her and the place—that West Kensington Road, leading to the iron church, with its clanging bell, whither all her thoughts were bound. I don't think little Willie spoke two words all the way from Grantham to Newcastle. We passed from fields to wolds, from wolds to valleys, full of smoking factories; we passed streams and oaks and hedgerows; we came to stately York with its Minster towers against the clouds and its spreading trees reflected in the river; but Willie hardly raised her head. The train thundered into higher and higher altitudes. At Newcastle, where rocks and men meet like flint and steel, a faint colour began to glow in the girl's pale cheek, she seemed interested at last, an exclamation broke from her pretty lips. "How like——" she began, but the words died away, while a figure in clerical attire crossed the platform carrying a small portmanteau. "It is not Mr. Balsillie," said I, crossly. My patience was coming to an end, and I felt—Heaven forgive me!—as if I should like to box the poor child's ears. Then we started off again. Towards six o'clock we came puffing and panting into Edinburgh, where the sky was crimson, and the lights on each side of the great rocky defile were beginning to shine. At last Arthur's Seat, Holyrood, Scott's Monument, all combined, were able to oust the wearisome phantom of the ever-haunting curate; Willie (she was but nineteen) seemed to wake up, to revive, to look out of window, first on one side and then on the other. We did not get out, for we were bound for Perth, and we travelled on and on still through the sunset, across the open Firth and its wondrous bridge, where, what with the beauty of it all and the fresh air from the ocean, Willie's eyes were happily shining once more. She was a naughty, sulky little girl, and had done her best to seem indifferent; but the powers of youth, combined with the invigorating northern breezes, came to my help, and for the next few hours I do believe the phantom of Balsillie was exorcised. But, alas! people can't always expect to have express-trains at their command to be carried straight away from their

its own special attributes; Scotch sunshine always seems to me to have a quality of its own, hope and joy combined, something moral as well as physical. It played upon us all that day, as we travelled from Perth towards Inverness, beneath hills of which the fragrant crests were just breaking into purple bloom. The railway faithfully follows the stream, rushing across the moors to the sea. Has not Ruskin written of that peculiar sense of freedom which comes to us from these spontaneous, unpolluted places? "I took stones for bread," he says somewhere, speaking of this very country, "but not certainly at the devil's bidding."

II.

The carriage was closely packed, and, indeed, all along the way there were crowds of holiday people waiting for the train. Somewhere about Blair Athol, a woman got in with some children, and, after setting them all down in their places, pulled out a stocking, and immediately began to knit. She was a decent Scotchwoman of the middle class, and seemed ready to talk, being apparently something of an oracle, for the children sat swinging their legs and staring, and respectfully taking in every word she uttered. She was on her way to John-o'-Groat's land for sea-air for her little nephews and nieces, she told us all. She addressed herself first to one and then to another. An elderly Scotch couple had started with us from Perth, and received her confidences with prosaic sympathy. Then an American joined in; he had a valise, and a little boy travelling in neatly buttoned gloves, such as only little American boys would consent to wear, and carrying a cane. The little boy was called Putnam, and every now and then the elder man would impress upon Putnam the importance of making mental notes of the passing facts and places. "He's got to remember all this," said his Mentor, "and carry it back to Nashville." The boy didn't seem so much impressed as his tutor by the value of statistics, but he listened willingly enough together with the other children to the stories the woman was telling over her stocking, concerning John-o'-Groat's land and the seven brothers who each wanted to be first, so that their father had to build a house with seven doors by which every man entered separately and took his place at the round table where seven places were set. "Ye can see the verra place whar the hoos once stood," she said. "They ha' built an hotel now at the farthest point o' the land, and that hotel is whar we are bound for. There's mony a tale I could tell ye o' all this country-side. D'ye mind the stories o' the Grants o' Rothiemurchus?" and then in a lowered and awestruck voice she told us of the Phantom Highlander who wanders the woods of Rothiemurchus. "He meets you suddenly and tears ye an ye flee; but stan' up to him, and he fades awa'. Ye must aye stan' up to him," said the storyteller impressively. There was a pause after this warning. I saw little Putnam clutch his cane and look uneasily out of the carriage window. The silence was broken by the American. "Your prospects would be greatly improved by a few gums, Ma'am," said he: "I find I miss the gums in this country. Pray," continued my traveller, conversationally, as the sun broke out upon a beautiful curve of the road, "what might be the market price of one of those hills—that shiny purple one over yonder, for instance?" Was he going to pack it up and take it back to America in his valise? I almost forgave him when I saw little Willie trying to suppress a faint giggle, which seemed to me like some sign of her returning senses. As for the Scotchman, he answered gravely, without a smile, that the hillside, heather and all, might be worth, perhaps, from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings an acre. The American again desired Putnam, who had been sucking a peppermint, to note this, and then went on to ask how many strawberries we reckoned to a pound—five was the average in America, so he assured us. The Scotchman said that in Scotland three strawberries to a pound was the general computation. Meanwhile, the woman with the knitting had rambled on.

I was quite sorry to part from the discursive little company when the train stopped at A—. A carriage had come to meet us, bringing a kind note from our hostess, who had been called away for the day, but who promised to be back by dinner-time. "There is a cart for the luggage," said the footman. "Her ladyship hopes you are not afraid of an open carriage." Afraid! my spirits were so lively and refreshed that I do believe if Lady Frances had sent a pair of eagles to fly off with us, instead of a comfortable victoria, I should have started off in perfect faith. As it was, we found ourselves in a few minutes agreeably progressing across the countryside, into a new world—nay, a new heaven of landscape. We came to the house at last, after crossing a bridge and a rushing river. It was a lonely, white house on the slope of a hill, in sight of the range of the Cairngorm Mountains and of the Spey and the Drurie. Woods spread to the

west; to the east, in a clearing where the trees had been cut down, stood a few sheds and low cottages round their church and school; and a blacksmith's forge, where tall dark men with shaggy heads clink and clank horse-shoes from the early morning to night, and where all day long the horses from miles around seem to be waiting their turn.

This, then, was Scotland, these thick-set walls, these sturdy windows, this friendly welcome. We came into a low hall with rooms on each side, in which fires were burning brightly. There was a broad staircase leading to the floor above. One or two letters were lying upon the hall-



By degrees stifled sobs succeeded to her stony agitation.

table which the servants had just brought from the village post: some were for Lady Frances, and beside all these lay a large grey envelope, addressed in a splashing hand to Mrs. W. Willoughby. . . . I knew the writing well enough, even without the flourishing "J. B." in the corner.

Willie also caught sight of the writing, and in a moment all the colour was gone again out of her poor little round cheeks. As she took up the letter, I looked away, knowing well enough whence it came, and hoping that she would presently recover from its disturbing effect; but neither cups of tea, nor the pleasures of unpacking and settling down, nor even the radiant arrival of our hostess later in the day, had any effect on my little companion; the light was gone again; that dull, sullen expression, half sad, half sulky, had returned to her pretty face; her silence, her wistful looks, got upon my nerves—it was exasperating to find all the good effects of the journey undone by a few splashes from that curate's pen. There she sat, listless, gazing at the fire, with her book open in her lap.

"You have had a long day, my dear Willie; you are tired. Why don't you go and lie down until dinner?" said Lady Frances, looking at her kindly.

"Go, my dear child," said I; "a little rest will do you good. Lady Frances is quite right." My words were kind enough, but I found myself speaking in that acid tone of cheerful encouragement by which people who are getting crosser and crosser every minute try to cheer others in the sulks, who are dull, and who don't mind being dull; who won't look up, who won't be cheerful to please you. Willie left the room, carrying away her book and her candle and her Medusa-like expression. Lady Frances, to whom I confided my troubles, only laughed at my irritation. "You take it too much to heart," she said; "it will all come right if you only leave the child alone, and let her run about with the other young folks. They are coming to fetch her in the morning. And now that I think of it, there is an old lady here," Lady Frances added, thoughtfully, "an old Mrs. Balsillie, lodging at Mrs. Glass's at the Lochan-Eilan farm. Miss Donaldson, from the saw-mills, was speaking to me about her only the other day. I wonder, could she . . . can she be . . . We must see about this," said Lady Frances, wrapping her velvet tea-gown closely around her.

Lady Frances had also been my pupil in bygone days, and we had many a mutual interest. So our talk wandered off from Willie and her concerns to our own, as we sat comfortably in our chairs by the fire, chattering on in the twilight and spinning our yarns quietly. I remember a general agreeable sense of torrents, of moors and deer-forests round about us; after a certain time I became conscious also of some faint sound just outside the house: the dog barked, a latch creaked. The flame on the hearth leapt up and then fell in with a sudden crash, and at that moment the sitting-room door opened wide, and, stooping under the doorway, appeared a stately figure, advancing silently, awe-inspiring.

All my travellers' tales rushed back into my mind as the figure of a Highlander slowly came into the room. He was some six or seven feet high, and dressed in full Highland garb, carrying his bonnet in his hand, and approaching with a swinging, stately step, while his plaid fell in long folds from his shoulder, and his kilt swayed as he walked. I saw dirks and chains and brooches—all the indescribable tags and ornaments of a Highland dress—glittering in the firelight. To my excited ears a sound of bagpipes filled the air. Was this the ghostly figure already on the spot, coming to rend the new-comer? His benevolent expression somewhat reassured me. Lady Frances



A figure in clerical attire crossed the platform.

preoccupations and whirled from one historic and romantic spot to another. Nor can they always have cheerful and expensive hotels, brilliantly lighted up, to receive them at the journey's end, such as that one which was waiting for us at Perth, where we found our table ready spread before us. Fish, fruit, scones, and hospitable Scotch dainties of every description were set out, and Willie's appetite certainly returned. She once burst out laughing at nothing at all, just as she used to do before Mr. Balsillie came upon the scene. Nor, indeed, did her pleasant humour desert her the next morning, when we started again in the early sunshine. Italian sunshine may have

exclaimed: "Why, Donald! Is it you? This is my cousin, Miss Williamson. Colonel Donald G—" she said. "He is staying up at the castle with my uncle and aunt." The figure sank down into an armchair, of which the cushions did not show through a visionary plaid, nor did the peaceful aspect change to sudden fury when Lady Frances ordered more tea and talked on, asking after each member of the family in turn.

The Colonel presently explained that he had been sent up by Lady G— to arrange for some dancing in the big hall that day week, to which the neighbours were to be bidden—the farmers, the young people from the saw-mills, the tenants and the servants, as well as the masters and mistresses. Lady G— said *nobody* was to be left out. "Would Lady Frances bring some music, and come and help to play the reels? 'I can play the Pin Reel, Donald, and a strathspey or two,' she said, 'and the Rant of Rothiemurchus,' she added, smiling, and as she sat there she began beating a step on the carpet with her pretty embroidered slipper.

III.

All that phase of existence into which I had suddenly drifted seemed to me then, as it does now, more like an idyll than a commonplace family gathering in an old Highland home. The gay lads and lasses, the golden boughs in the woods and spreading moors, the brawling streams and waterfalls, the sylvan life, stirring one's very veins with that happy touch of nature which makes us all akin, strangers or Highlanders in their native place, or grazing beast or wayside weed, all breathing in the same pure mountain air, and mysteriously linked by the intangible sympathies of the present.

G— Castle stands at the very foot of a chain of hills leading to Balmoral by unknown passes and deer forests, and within sight of a great rushing stream. Of its guests and inhabitants, who shall attempt to count the numbers? Besides the present inhabitants, out of the past rose visionary and romantic figures, also making signs to us—MacGregors by twos and threes, Rob Roy himself, striding in as was his way, by the postern gate, to which he used to come at all hours of the day and night to visit his old friend the Laird of those days, with other heroes of wild, delightful tales and ballads. And for the present there were married sons and daughters, children and grandchildren, nephews and nieces, dwelling within the ancient walls, or round about in various dependencies; there were school-boys and school-girls home for the holidays; there were sailors, soldiers, hard-worked holiday-makers. But for the moment everybody was at play, disporting in this far away Highland valley. On fine days I have seen the whole patriarchal family of the G—s camping out under the trees of the park: Lord G— in his library perhaps, Lady G— in her dainty coiffes and warm satin wraps, sitting in her big wicker chair, while grandsons perched in the trees like crows, and daughters and daughters-in-law sat with their children round about their knees. At other times the whole clan would repair by various ways and passes to her pretty little tea-house on the shores of Lochan-Eilan. The tea-house adjoined an old farm-house, where Mrs. Glass, the farmer's wife, dwelt ready to bring out hospitable scones and tencups for her lady guests; it seems an easy tenure upon which to hold so lovely a home. The old castle, which had held out against so many onslaughts (had not the lady of the Tower herself, in her lord's absence, once driven off the Mackintosh's fierce attack?), still stands on the rocky island in the centre of the lake, tottering a little after its many battles and storms, its thousand years or so of existence.

The kind young folks, when tea was over and Mrs. Glass had brought forth her last instalment of griddle cakes, insisted on carrying me off with them to see the dungeon, where the golden berries hang among the tangling branches, in the keep. We crossed the lake, enclosed in its purple folds of mountain. Willie, at my request, had put on her new white frock and her big shell-like hat; she was perched on the bow of the boat, an Ariel-like figure, and by her side sat Maggie G—, a sweet Highland lassie, grey-eyed, quick-witted, who had taken Willie under her protection. A General took the rudder. The Colonel was our oarsman; he made little of his load, and conveyed some dozen of us, big and small, with careful strokes, from one sunny landing to the other. The thousand-year-old castle was reflected in the water. The hundred-thousand-year-old rocks and hills beyond, now fragrant with purple flowers and clothed with soft verdure, had once, so said the General, been wrapped in eternal snow and glaciers.

There were two little boys on board our barge—Charlie G— and his friend Davie from the saw-mills, a nephew of young Mr. Donaldson, who rented the mills. He was a charming little fellow at school, with some foundation scholarship which he had won for himself. Indeed, the boys who go out from these valleys mostly seem to come back in time clothed in purple, like their native mountains, and with K.C.B.s, K.C.M.G.s, and decorations of every variety. Notwithstanding his scholarly distinctions, Davie as well as Charlie still belonged to the tribe of Imps, not the least attractive of the many varieties of urchins. These two were for ever "on the go," at one moment dancing on to the seat and leaning over the side of the boat, or suddenly rolling back and sprawling over one another until called to account by the Colonel with a sternness not untempered by sympathy. Needless to say that Davie and Charlie were the very first to scramble on shore, and once there they held on manfully to the chain, pulling and tugging the heavy barge with all their might and main.

The island stood high above the waters; we had to climb up a stiff bit of cliff to a ruined gateway, which led into a tangle of lights and briars; there was the wild barberry with the golden fruit the girls had promised me, and scrambling rose-bushes starting through the masonry. As for the dungeons, they also were overgrown by briar

see what it could mean. Voices, exclamations, broke forth on every side; everyone was calling out, running hither and thither. "Help! oh, help!" It was no Spirit of the Lake, it was Willie's voice, in sad distress. The Colonel's face reappeared, pale and anxious: "I can see nothing, the branches are too thick. The boat, Maggie!" he shouted, running to the edge of the cliff, from which he could see the landing-place, "row round the point"; and Maggie, who by chance had gone back with Charlie to the landing-place, understood him in a moment; jumping in the boat, she and Charlie between them had got it off, and were coming round the point. These two children settled down to their work as if they were experienced watermen, and, meanwhile, the Colonel slid over the side of the terrace, and, clinging limpet-fashion, advanced from rock to rock in the direction of the cry. When the cliff became too steep for progress he boldly plashed into the water—kilt, dirks, tags, and all—stepping carefully on the submerged rocks round the foot of the island and holding by the crags and roots and overhanging branches. Then we heard a tremendous splash. I could see the rest of the party, who had remained on the opposite shore, running down to the water's edge. I myself could perceive nothing else for the tangle of beechwood and the branches. All this may have taken some sixty seconds. To me it seemed more like an hour than a minute. I did not know what had happened, though I began to guess when I heard the Colonel calling again—

"Well done! I'll get you off directly. Hold on!"

This is what had happened—so I heard afterwards from a dozen different people. A portion of the masonry had given away, and Willie and Davie were only kept from falling by the branches of an ash tree to which they clung.

The boy was safe enough; but poor Willie, frightened and exhausted, could hardly hold on when the Colonel came to her help, rising like a dripping sea-god out of the waters of the lake. He climbed up by the rocks into the tree, and by sheer strength hauled Willie into a position where she could help herself, just as Maggie, a second—or shall we say a hundredth?—Lady of the Lake, appeared with her boat, somewhat wildly rounding the point. The heartless Davie, seeing relief at hand, gave a cock-like crow of triumph and kicked his legs.

"How do you feel now?" said the Colonel to Willie. "Can you manage to slide down? I will help you."

"You have saved my life," she said, with a hysterical gasp.

"I may have saved you a ducking," said the heartless Colonel.

Willie never quite knew how she got out of the tree; her descent was ignominious; but the Colonel superintended her helpless slides with cheerful and unconcerned politeness, as though he were guiding an awkward partner through a quadrille. Davie gave a flying leap which very nearly overturned the boat. Willie's shoes were wet, and her pretty white dress was dragged as the Colonel lifted her over from the shore, and then getting quickly in himself, without so much as shaking the water off his plaid, he quietly took the sculls and began to row as if nothing whatever had happened.

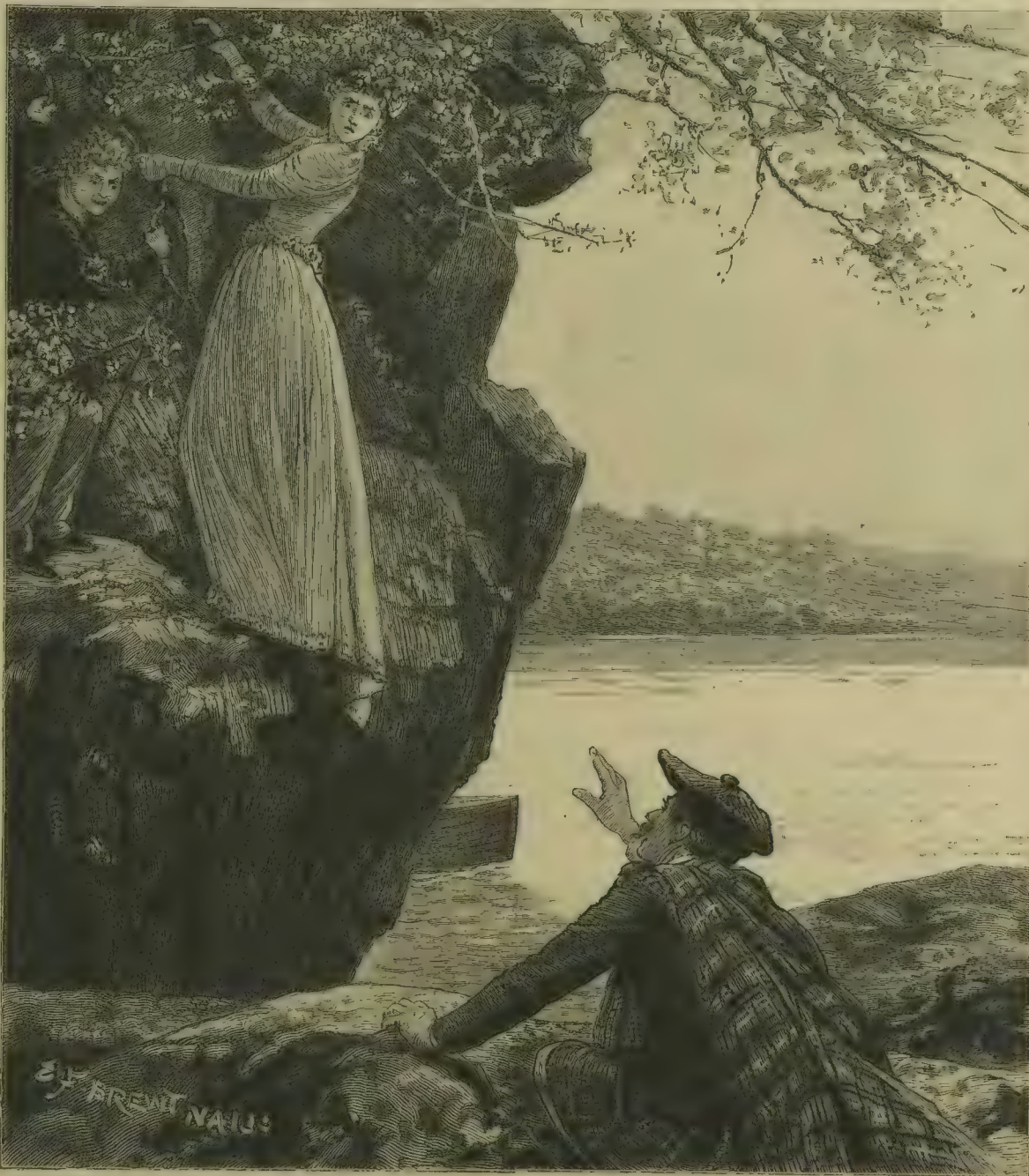
When Willie was landed, crumpled, damp, and exhausted, Lady G— appeared on the spot with a big white parasol, and many Indian shawls on her arm, followed by Mrs. Glass with jugs and other restoratives. The barge came back for the rest of us, and as we crossed the lake I could see the distant figures, and felt reassured about my little charge. The Colonel and the rest of them seemed to be escorting the little heroine of the hour to the garden gate. The farm-door opened, a dumpy black figure appeared with two extended hands, and then Willie vanished through the door.

Mrs. Glass, from the farm, was there to meet us when we landed and help draw the boat in.

"Mrs. Balsillie, she that lodges wi' me, sent a message," said Mrs. Glass, as she helped me out. "There's a fire ready to warm the young leddy, and a quiet room for her to rest in," says she, and so my leddy sent her up at once." Lady G— is a sort of beneficent Scotch fairy, directing the comings and goings of all around and implicitly obeyed by the kindly and obedient clan. I would fain have objected, for the name of Balsillie was alarming to me. But it was too late to do anything, and I could see Lady Frances smiling at my agitation. Among the other people standing by was Mr. Donaldson, who seemed extraordinarily concerned by the accident.

"We had better go home as quick as we can," said Lady Frances, "and send back the carriage for the others."

(To be continued.)



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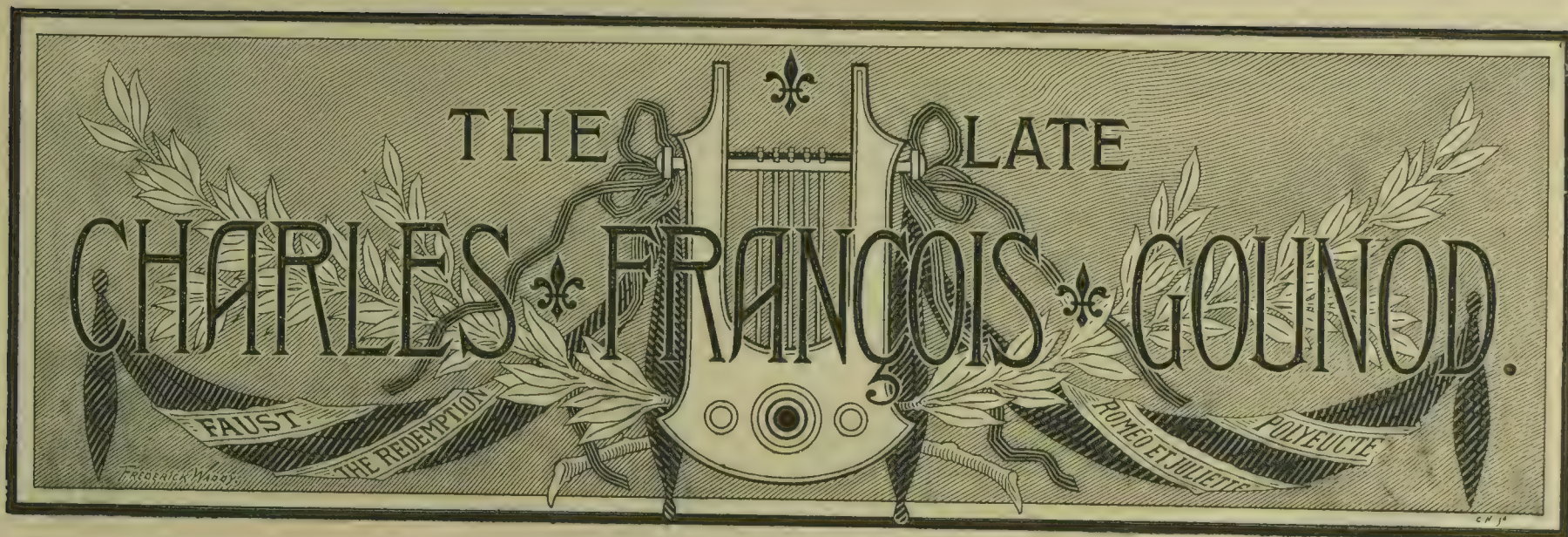
roses and defended by a mountain-ash, of which the berries flashed crimson. The old castle itself seemed chiefly held together by ivy and wild clematis. "Don't touch the walls more than you can help," says the Colonel, laughing, as he leads the way. "The stones are apt to come down with a crash. The Ivy Tower fell only last winter." We did as we were told and avoided the walls, though we skirted the edge of the island, peeping through the greenery into the depths of the waters at the foot of the cliff below, picturing to ourselves the bygone furies and battles that once raged in this labyrinth of silence and luxuriance.

It always seems to me that children's spirits rise in proportion to the ruin around them; all the children were wild with fun and enjoyment, shouting or pursuing one another, creeping through impossible places. "Come this way!" cried Davie Madcap, dashing ahead, and Willie herself caught the spirit of the hour and raced gaily after him.

"A ghost! of course, there is a ghost," said the Colonel, gravely, in answer to my question—was he not a Highlander? "The castle has been standing here since King Stephen's time," he continued; "it would be strange indeed if it had not its legend." "I could only imagine a very happy beatified ghost," said I, "haunting this pretty place."

As I spoke, while I was still looking about me, there came a cry from some not distant spot, a strange, frightened cry, which startled us all. It was followed by another and another. I looked up; the Colonel was already breaking through the adjoining branches to





REMINISCENCES BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I was well acquainted with a lady at whose house Gounod, because his mother was her music mistress, used to pass his summer vacations. She was the wife of a wealthy notary, and lived in the vale lying between Limours and Brû. A sweeter vale does not exist in France. The hills on one side are softly swelling to end in a wooded table-land, and on the other side rise in wooded cliffs to a wide bare plateau. There are ponds in the bottom, the greenest pasturage, the beauties of high cultivation, a picturesque *lavoir* and mill on a gentle stream, and fine old trees in all directions. A cane of Gounod's, brought from Switzerland nearly a hundred years ago by his father, was given to me by this notary's wife. She was a Madame Trepagne, and has been some years dead. In speaking of the composer, with whom she fell in love as a child, she always called him "Charles." His mother was a clever, indefatigable woman, who eked out an income of £120 a year which she and her husband had made from their savings by teaching the piano. Gounod showed as a boy a strong taste for music, and used, nightingales and larks being then common near Limours, to visit the woods day and night during his Easter holidays to listen to their songs. He was also an intent listener to "the concerts of the insects" in the open, heathery parts of the woods. It used to be said by Madame Trepagne's mother that wherever Charles heard sounds, no matter what they were, he heard music. But his career was not intended to have been a musical one. His father thought he showed capacity to follow his own calling as a pictorial artist; and his mother, who was sick of the arts, wanted him to be a University professor. The father was an interesting man. He went with Madame Vigée Lebrun and a number of Parisian painters more or less patronised by M. de Colonne—the Comptroller-General of Finances a short time previous to the Revolution—to Naples, when the French monarchy was submerged. Their object was to seek the protection of Queen Caroline, the sister of Marie Antoinette. Some of them—and the elder Gounod was among the number—made a long sojourn there. They busied themselves with searching for antiquities in the excavations that were being made at Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Pæstum. These artists had a good deal to do in bringing into fashion the classical school of drawing to which Ingres, and, in a degree, Bandry, remained devoted. Old Gounod could not succeed as an original painter; but he was a good deal employed by Louis Philippe as a picture-restorer, and worked in that capacity at the portraits which hang in the Versailles Museum. Both the father and mother of Gounod were devoted to Italian art in all its different forms. The father was musical, though not a musician. He banished care in his wanderings by listening to music, and had a fine and tuneful baritone voice. He was, in other respects,

a clever man. The mother was a singularly plucky woman, and a rock of sense. She used to lament the impressionability of Charles. He was, she said, a day-dreamer. But he learned to be painstaking as he grew up, wrote when he was without her at Pivert (the vale already mentioned) letters that gave promise of

rendered him master of them. Gounod's inspiration was directed by his intellect and taste. He was also a thorough master of technique. Melodies came at his call, and he knew how to set them to the best advantage in scores. Perhaps his muse was not a noble one, but she was always agreeable. It was said of Gounod that he brought down

Olympus to earth to reproduce Olympian gods and goddesses in bronzes for chimneypiece clocks. There was some truth in this, but I do not find in it an objection to Gounod's art. The tendency of all French art is to embellish everyday life and make it more agreeable. It was fortunate that he early applied himself to the study of the great writers of sacred music, and had for masters Paër and Lesueur. Palestrina was assimilated by him. Bach and Beethoven found in him an enthusiastic votary. An interesting pilgrimage to Beethoven's grave in Vienna was described to Ingres in one of those charmingly turned letters which Gounod lavished on his friends. Though a tall man with a powerfully built body and a massive head, Gounod had a womanly temperament, feminine grace, and sometimes womanish nerves. He had a proneness to devotion which was also feminine in its manifestations. Under the spiritual discipline of the celebrated Father Lacordaire, he was a docile penitent, and one who was only satisfied when penances were crowded on him. Gounod craved for flagellation, and this discipline was not withheld from him. He wanted, above all things, to enter holy orders. But he could not make up his mind to take the vow of celibacy. Hence agitation and mental suffering. Here the Lacordaire discipline stepped in to bring him to a sense of reality, and to enable him to decide between the Church with no wife and the world with a wife. He elected, after hard struggles, for the latter alternative, and was ever after glad that he did. Gilded drawing-rooms and the compliments of fashionable and beautiful women were grateful to him. He chatted cleverly and charmingly with them, had a sweet benevolent smile, a patriarchal head in his old age, and when he sat down to the piano to accompany gave the instrument a celestial voice. Gounod needed no pressing to play, or, as long as his voice lasted, to sing. His taste was exquisite in singing. The effects lay greatly in the diction and in his critical feeling of the words. Towards the cantatrice who sang his scores he



THE LATE M. GOUNOD.

Photo by Benque and Co., Paris.

high literary capacity, in which he described country scenes, his feelings, impressions, religious ecstasies in the old church of Limours, country walks, and village fêtes that he went to. I need not say how a decisive turn in a musical direction was given to Gounod's career by the rector of the Lycée Louis Legrand. He had, we have seen, become painstaking. As a pupil at the Conservatoire he was hardworking, and remained so to the end of his life. His assiduity in keeping his faculties well exercised

was as a loving father. Gounod was one of those Frenchmen whose hearts are ever young; but he never forgot his age, and understood that in accepting it he would be more pleasing than were he to ignore it. "Faust" remains his most popular work in France, though professional musicians think more highly of "Philémon et Baucis." "Faust" may be looked on as the aftermath of the works that preceded it, or as a distillation of them all. They were some religious, others pagan, others

In Witness whereof the said parties to these presents, have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

Charles Gounod

Signed sealed and delivered by the Vendor in the presence of

Lopard

Received the day and year first above written of and from the purchaser the sum of Four thousand pounds being the consideration money above expressed to be paid by him to me.

Witness Lopard

Ch. Gounod

THE SCHEDULE ABOVE REFERRED TO

"Mors et Vita" a Sacred trilogy dedicated to His Holiness The Pope Leon XIII.

FACSIMILE OF THE SIGNATURE ON THE ASSIGNMENT OF "MORS ET VITA."

in the Opéra Comique, and one, "La Nonne Sanglante," in the tragic vein. The original "Philémon et Baucis," composed for the casino of Baden-Baden, and in one act, is better than the secondary one, in which the composer expanded the subject into three acts. Madame Carvalho's personation of Marguerite when "Faust" was first represented helped its success. It was written when Gounod had just turned forty. His religious works are admired in France. But they are most current in the fashionable world and in the churches of wealthy parishes. Ladies are more alive to their beauties than the other sex. In England and the United States they are far more popular than in France. A French public is not, unless in Passion week, responsive to "La Redemption" and "Mors et Vita." Gounod's favourite interpreter of the religious aspirations expressed

favourite resort was the summer-house overlooking the river, where he loved to sit and muse.

"Will you tell me about your dealings with Gounod relative to the production of 'The Redemption' at the Birmingham Musical Festival?"

"The committee had some correspondence with him in 1873, which did not result in anything. We took up the threads again in order to increase the interest in the Festival of 1882. In the end, he consented to let us have his sacred trilogy, 'The Redemption,' for which Messrs. Novello paid the largest sum given for a musical work up to that time—£4000. Of course, we discussed a good many points with Gounod prior to the Festival. I have been looking again at the letters I received from him. In one of them he mentions that he composed the libretto of 'The Redemption' himself. He was a great Biblical student. In his conversation Biblical phrases constantly recurred, and every day he devoted some time to reading the Bible. Some of the committee were anxious to know if there were many solos in the oratorio. Here is his forcible and concise reply: 'Oui; il y aura des soli: il y en aura pour la Soprano; il y en aura pour la Contralto; il y en aura pour le Tenor; il y en aura pour le Baryton; il y en aura pour le Basso.' As to how many there would be, that, Gounod said, 'depended on the inspiration of the artist.' At last everything was arranged, and I went over with Mr. Littleton, of Messrs. Novello's, to sign the agreement. I recollect he kissed his notary on the top of his bald head after the business was concluded!"



THE LATE M. GOUNOD AT HOME.

"I believe Gounod was your guest when he came to England for the Festival?"

"Yes, during the rehearsals at Birmingham he stayed at my house, and was a pleasant visitor. He was very childlike in behaviour, and nervously afraid of strangers. His son Jean, who is a portrait-painter, accompanied him to England, but Madame Gounod said she could not cross the sea. One of the composer's gifts was a remarkable power of sketching. I consider he quite eclipsed his son in this. He drew the portraits of my daughters most cleverly in pencil, and you can imagine how I prize these sketches. He was the first to play the organ in a little church near my house which had just been completed. The congregation was mostly unaware that the great French musician was presiding at the American organ. He was greatly delighted with the rehearsals of 'The Redemption' at Birmingham, and said he had never had such a splendid choir to interpret his work. His admiration for them was heartily reciprocated. He very much enjoyed his visit to Birmingham. Then he went to London, and I remember his compliment to St. Paul's Cathedral choir: 'Nowhere in the world is the

A Sa Majesté
La Reine Victoria

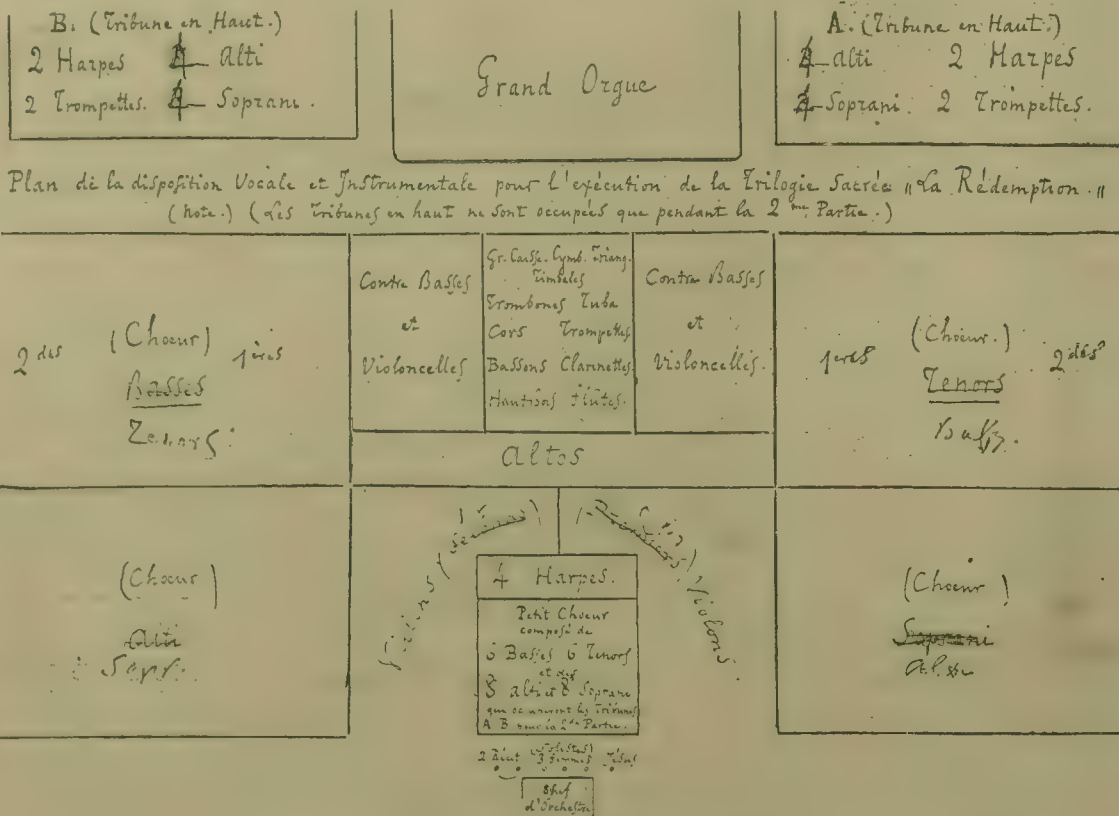
FACSIMILE OF DEDICATION ON THE SCORE OF "THE REDEMPTION."

in both was Faure. A wreath sent by Queen Victoria testifies to her admiration for Gounod's sacred music. His last Ave was written to serve as a birthday present to Baroness Lassus, his daughter. Gounod's operas may be forgotten in the lyrical theatres, but there are too many gems scattered over his compositions for his memory as a great master to pass into oblivion. He was among composers what Virgil was among poets. In listening to his music I always think of the sweet vale in which he took lessons from the song-birds.

GOUNOD IN ENGLAND.

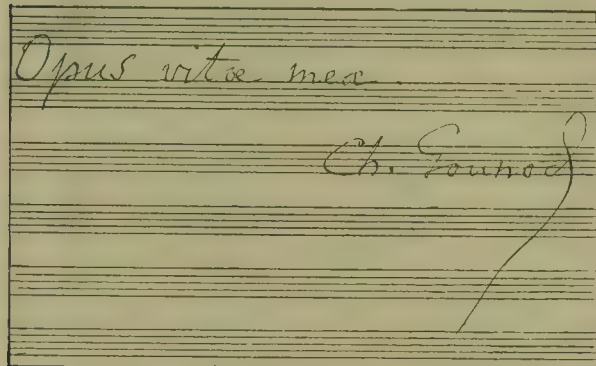
To English people the fact that Gounod's great works "The Redemption" and "Mors et Vita" were produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival renders the link between the composer and this country additionally interesting. Mr. R. Harding Milward, whose services to music are so widely recognised, very courteously gave a representative of *The Illustrated London News* some recollections of this period of Gounod's career.

"When I first met Gounod it was at his house, 20, Place Malesherbes, which was built for him by his sister's husband. It was divided into three suites, after the usual Parisian fashion. His sister-in-law lived on the ground floor, and he had the first floor. The chief room was his 'workshop,' a fine large apartment with an organ at one end of it, on which Gounod used to perform in a rather curious style. He would sit with his back to the pipes, facing any friends who were listening to him, so that he might watch the effect of the music on their faces. The piano, at which he would compose, was unique in my experience. The top of the instrument slid back, and discovered a writing-desk, and beneath this were the keys. On one side of the room was a bookcase, containing his original scores. One of his treasures, which he was very proud to point out to visitors, was a manuscript score by Mozart. His home at Saint Cloud, where he died, stood at the end of the avenue going from the station and at the corner of the road going downhill towards the Seine. There were within the grounds two houses, in the larger of which Madame Gounod's mother resided till her death, when Gounod moved into it. His



GOUNOD'S OWN ARRANGEMENT OF CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA FOR THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "THE REDEMPTION," AT THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1882.

Mass (*sic*) so finely rendered.' When the Festival began he came and stayed at the Queen's Hotel. He was very nervous for fear of a personal encounter with Mrs. Weldon, and his fright was hardly allayed by the placing of a policeman close to his room all the time he was in the hotel. You will recollect we had two performances of 'The Redemption'; at the first of these Gounod was greatly depressed by the silence with which his work was received. He said to me, 'How cold you English are; you make no sound!' I explained to him that applause of a sacred work was forbidden, but that did not satisfy him. He was very susceptible to praise, and missed it terribly. However,



INSCRIPTION ON FULL SCORE OF "THE REDEMPTION."

the enthusiasm which had been restrained soon burst forth to the entire satisfaction of Gounod."

"Did you arrange for 'Mors et Vita' on this occasion?"

"Yes; we talked over the matter of another work for the Festival in three years time. He was lying on the grass when he said suddenly to me: 'I have a "Requiem" half finished—would that do?' I suggested he could bring in the 'Resurrection,' and he immediately inquired if there was a trap-door in our orchestra. I said that there was. 'Well, then,' he replied, 'you can make come up your singers, one by one, all in white dresses, and they can be a heavenly choir?' I had to laugh at his idea, and tell Gounod that it would be too theatrical for English people. As you know, we produced 'Mors et Vita' at the Birmingham Festival in 1885, with not quite the same *éclat* as his 'Redemption' aroused."

"Had Gounod any special methods of work?"

"He used to hum tunes aloud occasionally and then write them down, but he was not singing all his life like Richter is. With Richter, it seems as if he were for ever conducting an orchestra. Gounod was a fairly rapid composer when he was in the mood. He had few interests outside

of his art. I never saw him reading a book, although he was conversant with all sorts of information. He was always a genial man to me, and very simple in his home life."

We have to acknowledge the great courtesy of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., Berners Street, W., in permitting the various facsimile reproductions from manuscripts in their possession.

A monument to the memory of Drummond of Hawthornden, the scholar, poet, and friend of Ben Jonson, has been erected in the churchyard of Lasswade, near Edinburgh. It was unveiled on Saturday, Oct. 21, by Lord Melville, and Professor Masson delivered an address.

The annual demonstration in Manchester, promoted by Mr. C. W. Macrea, in aid of the funds of the Royal National Life-boat Association, took place on Oct. 21, with a street procession, and Captain Boyton's aquatic exhibition at the Bellevue Gardens.

A medal of Count Leo Tolstoi has just been struck at Geneva, which promises to take a high place in contemporary art, as much from its excellent qualities as from the few copies which the Genevese Mint proposes to issue.

Mr. George Hantz, the medallist to whom the work has been entrusted, has boldly grappled with his subject, and presented a full-face bust of the Russian novelist, whose powerful head and strongly marked features have been admirably seized by the artist and successfully portrayed. The reverse of the medal is of almost too Spartan simplicity, for it records only a few of the most important of Tolstoi's writings; but the designer may have thought,

and with good reason, that any allegorical design ran the risk of being either commonplace or inappropriate. Numismatic art has fallen to a low ebb in this country; but the same may have been said of Switzerland at any time during the past thirty years; but when least expected, a Swiss artist suddenly shows that his art is not dead, but is capable of producing a real *chef-d'œuvre*. Let us hope that for England a similar fate is in store.



M. GOUNOD'S HOUSE AT ST. CLOUD.



THE LATE M. GOUNOD AT HOME: A FAMILY PARTY.



TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION IN HONOUR OF THE RUSSIAN NAVAL OFFICERS IN PARIS.



THE FUNERAL OF MARSHAL MACMAHON IN PARIS: ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION AT LES INVALIDES.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, R. CATON WOODVILLE.



ON THE TRACK OF THE MATABELE.

LITERATURE.

THE LITTLE MINISTER.

The words "thirty-fourth thousand" on the title-page of Mr. Barrie's *Little Minister* (Cassell and Co.) might be held to preclude the necessity for any review, and in fact it would not be easy to name any recently published work which stands less in need of re-introduction to the public. Anything that may be said must be rather for the satisfaction

poetry is melancholy with a real melancholy, not with the wistful and vague sorrow that makes many a young poet "half in love with careful death." The thought in them gives the poems a weightiness seldom met with in a first book. But those vehement and troubled poems are not the sweetest in the book, nor the most valuable, though presently, when Miss Sigerson has her art better in hand, that thought and sympathy will no doubt give her poems a perdurable quality. Incomparably the finest things she has done, as poetry, are the fanciful Irish poems, in which the gifts of her race for the strange and the mournful find adequate expression. A selection of these would make a very beautiful book, but as it is, not every reviewer will unearth them from a mass of far less worthy work. There is the Celtic gift of style in them, and the direct Celtic utterance. The long, strange, swaying metres are very Celtic, but Miss Sigerson has not always her metre in hand, and though one guesses at the music to which it set itself in her mind, one trips in the reading. She requires a finer knowledge of her art, and a capacity for selection. But she has enough natural poetry to equip a score of accomplished artists, as witness this exquisite thing. "Ceán dhu deilish" is the Irish "Dear black head."

Ceán dhu deilish, beside the sea
I stand and stretch my hands to thee
Across the world.
The riderless horses race to shore
With thundering hoofs and shuddering hoar-
Blown mares uncurled.

Ceán dhu deilish, I cry to thee,
Beyond the world, beneath the sea,
Thou being dead.
Where hast thou hidden from the beat
Of crushing hoofs and tearing feet
Thy dear black head?

God bless the woman, whoe'er she be,
From the tossing waves will recover thee,
And lashing wind;
Who will take thee out of the wind and storm,
Dry thy wet face on her bosom warm
And lips so kind.

I may not know. It is hard to pray.
But I shall for this woman, from day to day.
"Comfort my dead,
The sport of the winds and the play of the sea."
I loved thee too well for this thing to be,
O dear black head!

KATHARINE TYNAN.

CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN POETRY.

In his *Italian Lyrists of To-day*—a volume produced with the external comeliness for which the books of Elkin Mathews and John Lane are notable—Mr. George A. Greene has made a gift to English lovers of literature for which many will be grateful. An excellent Italian scholar, one possessing in a high degree what Wordsworth calls "the accomplishment of verse," a critic of sound judgment, and one who is in touch, through personal acquaintance, with the present literary movement in Italy, Mr. Greene has given here representative selections from upwards of thirty living Italian poets, rendered into metres which in general correspond to the metres of the originals. Something had been done by Mr. W. D. Howells in his "Modern Italian Poets," published six years ago, to exhibit to the English reader the patriotic and Romantic movement which may be said to have come to a close during the years 1860-70. Those ten years, as Mr. Greene says, "saw the making of the Italian nation, but they seemed almost to look on at the death-throes of Italian literature." The great fact in Italian poetry since 1870 is the rise of a party of revolt, a realist, a neo-classical, a neo-Pagan party, now moderating its temper of aggression, and perhaps preparing unaware to hand on its gains to an idealist school of the future. This is the leading fact in poetry of the period with which Mr. Greene's volume deals; and the great name of the period is, of course, Carducci. But the leader and banner-bearer of the new school, Carducci, whose "Hymn to Satan" sounded the note of revolt, is only the most important figure of an important and most interesting group. And Mr. Greene, with true critical insight, has called attention to the fact that in Italian literature to be neo-classical and neo-Pagan is not wholly revolutionary; it is, in part, to revive a tradition. "When we in England have sometimes been compelled to free ourselves from certain outworn conventions, the innovators, intolerant of Latinisms, have returned to the Saxon origins of our tongue. In Italy, a movement in its essence the same necessarily takes the opposite direction; the revolt is against the 'Gothic'; the return is to classical antiquity." The more permanent aims and tendencies of the new school, as they clear themselves of their first aggressive spirit, may be summed up as "the union of the modern spirit with the purity and beauty of classical form and inspiration; a return to nature and to the love of nature, and a new appeal to the forgotten resources of the language."

Next to Carducci, the most remarkable poets represented in Mr. Greene's delightful volume are doubtless Enrico Panzacchi, now President of the Academy at Bologna; the writer whose real name, Olindo Guerrini, is concealed by the fame of his pseudonym, Lorenzo Stecchetti (the supposed lamented cousin of his creator); and the young Gabriele d'Annunzio, who combines in some degree the influences of Carducci and Stecchetti, and

is described by Mr. Greene as having "perhaps the largest dower of poetical genius vouchsafed to any living European of his time." But there are others who, if less distinguished, are genuine singers; and among these a group of female writers—Alinda Bonacci-Brunamonti, Annie Vivanti, and Countess Lara (Eveline Cattermole-Mancini) must not be overlooked. I could wish that the translator had more fully represented the latest poetess of Italy, Ada Negri, who has wrought in pain and poverty, and before whom a great future may possibly lie. Readers of Italian verse should themselves make acquaintance with her remarkable volume "Fatalità."

EDWARD DOWDEN.

"DODO."

Dodo: A Detail of the Day. By E. F. Benson. (London: Methuen and Co., 1893.)—A manner can generally be explained by the manner which it has superseded: reaction makes fashion. The woman of 1881 expressed the reaction from the early Victorian taste; the woman of 1891 is still expressing the reaction from that deliberate seriousness which ten years before had been found to harmonise best with art serge. The woman of 1891 was smart—not in her own limited sense; she is still smart, for at the moment of going to press her type has not been superseded. She still prevails, though Mrs. Lynn Linton writes magazine articles and the "Remnant" refuses to bow the knee; and, precisely because she prevails, she is doomed ultimately to become as extinct as the Dodo, from whom Mr. Benson's heroine takes her name.

In Mr. Benson's book the woman of the day may see herself reflected as in a looking-glass; her cigarettes and her shibboleths are all there; her rapid nonsense is there, and her fine affectation of being perfectly natural, and her perpetual wonder how far she can go—whether she is being vulgar or not. So far as her underlying personality is concerned, Dodo is individual; but in manner and talk she represents a type, and how well Mr. Benson has caught that talk! Dodo is about to marry a man whom she does not love; she has been talking about it to another man, whom she does love, more or less, but has refused. The other man prophesies unhappiness for her, and she declines to believe him—

"If you like to bet about it, you may—only you would lose. I promise to tell you if you turn out to be right, even if you don't see it, which you must if it happens, which it won't, so you won't."

The incident, and the talk, and the woman, are very modern. It will occur to some that they are also very vulgar, but that is not an important point. They form a part of the plentiful evidence in this book that its author can observe justly, write natural dialogue, and make a character clear and interesting. He is not equally well informed on every subject which he touches, but of Dodo herself he gives us a lifelike and striking picture.

Her story would lead one to hope that although her manner belongs to a type, her absence of morals is characteristic of herself alone. She smokes cigarettes; and a woman who smokes must subsequently, in fiction, run away from her husband. At present the two things are not inevitably associated in real life, but for the purposes of the



"Since when have you taken command of me?" demanded Babbie. "Since a minute ago," Gavin replied, "when you let me kiss you."—THE LITTLE MINISTER.

of the reviewer, who may well feel disinclined to dismiss so tried a favourite without a word of more than common commendation. From a merely critical point of view, it is perhaps worth remarking on the example afforded by this and similar books of how much the field of literature may be made to bear by careful tillage. The germs and possibilities of such books exist in the classics of bygone generations. Sir Walter Scott, for example, might undoubtedly have written something nearly akin to "The Little Minister" if he had chosen to concentrate his attention entirely upon humble life. The idea, in all probability, never occurred to him. He never imagined that the delightful delineation of ordinary Scotch life in "The Antiquary" or "St. Ronan's Well" could be anything but an underplot, an accompaniment to what he himself pleasantly called his "big bow-wow" style. The process of development stopped short for a time with detached sketches united by subject and title, such as Miss Mitford's "Our Village," and Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," but not constituting a connected narrative. The German "Dorfgeschichten" and George Sand's exquisite idylls of peasant life may have revealed higher possibilities to English writers—at all events, nothing is now more common than fiction in the style of which Bret Harte and Mr. Hardy and Mr. Barrie are masters, which not merely deals throughout with the fortunes of "the mute and inglorious," but where the local colouring is so entirely of a very insignificant community that to tamper with it would be to destroy the book. So great is the mastery shown in many works of this class, and in none more eminently than "The Little Minister," that persons and incidents which if we encountered them in real life would possess but slight interest for us are made to enchain us with a concern as breathless as the story of the downfall of an empire, or the cunningly constructed plots of a Wilkie Collins or a Poe. In this Mr. Barrie differs markedly from a master like Sterne, who owes nothing to local colouring, but whose scenes and characters are intelligible from China to Peru. It might at first sight appear disadvantageous to Mr. Barrie's method that its success could only be estimated in Scotland. But the vanity of this plausible objection is demonstrated by results. The good people of Thrums may not improbably enjoy Mr. Barrie's story more keenly than other folk; but other men's enjoyment is by no means found to be in the ratio of their propinquity to that henceforth immortal village. We do not see why it may not be, as Petrarch wished for his sonnets, translated into Bactrian and Seythian; nor need the author, in despair of such achievement, exclaim with Petrarch, *mutatis mutandis*, that at least

The fair land shall hear
By sea engirdled, and the narrow way,
By which the Scot fares southward, nor returns.

RICHARD GARNETT.

MISS SIGERSON'S "VERSES."

Verses. By Dora Sigerson. (London: Elliot Stock.)—This is a book of serious poetry, though some of the contents are trivial enough. Not many young girls, poetical or otherwise, bewilder themselves over the questions that occur again and again in these poems. The



"God help you, woman," I said to myself, "it canna be bonnets, it's stones and divits mair likely they're flinging at him."—THE LITTLE MINISTER.

stage or the novel the woman's cigarette is generally, if one may say so, guilt-tipped. Mr. Benson's book, as a whole, is marked by brightness and spontaneity; it contains one or two rather original faults, but it is not for these that a number of quite good people will dislike it.

BARRY PAIN.

ROUND THE MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA.

WHAT THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY IS DOING: THE SITUATION IN CHARTERLAND.

"The Matabele War," "Mashonaland," "Lobengula's Impis," and other cognate head-lines having now attained a prominent position on the posters of our leading daily contemporaries, many of our readers and a numerous public may doubtless be desirous of a clear definition of their meaning and their geographical significance. To do this effectually, and convey an exact idea of the relative situations, we published last week a sketch-map of Africa south of the Equator. By delineating the seat of war on a local map of Matabele and Mashonaland only, and situated as these countries are, in the heart of Central South Africa—unknown, possibly, to a large section of the public—is to convey but little information, and that little incomplete. But, with the outlines of the coast and landmarks supplied by the boundaries of well-known adjacent States, the relative geographical positions and means of access become at once simple and familiar.

On the north, separated by a narrow strip of Portuguese territory, we have the great Zambesi River, on whose waters ply two British gun-boats, destined in the near future, as we hope to show presently, to exercise a salutary influence in securing the ultimate pacification of the chartered territory. On the south we have the Transvaal and that part of British Bechuanaland which stretches away to the confines of the Cape Colony. On the west we have the northern part of Bechuanaland known as Khama's country, and which still further west adjoins the German South-West African possessions. On the east we are separated from the Indian Ocean by Portuguese territory as settled by the convention of 1890, but through which we possess the right of free access from Port Beira, now doubly assured by the railway just opened by Mr. Rhodes. For over three centuries the Portuguese have held the coast-line, extending north and south for nearly one thousand miles, but during all that time they never succeeded in gaining such a firm footing in the interior as we have accomplished under British Royal Charter in three years! A glance at the map will show that we have two great highways by which to reach Mashonaland, thereby assuring us untrammelled communication with our people.

From Cape Town we approach it by railway for over a thousand miles into Bechuanaland, and thence, of course, by cart or wagon for another thousand to Fort Salisbury,



A MATABELE TRUMPETER.

the Chartered Company's capital; and somewhat less to Buluwayo, Lobengula's chief kraal. From the Indian Ocean we enter direct by Port Beira, passing up the Pungwe River to the railway terminus at Fontesville, and thence for about seventy miles over a 2 ft. gauge line, completed across the fever flats and tsetse-fly country. This line is being extended to Umtali, one of our towns about seventy miles distant, eventually reaching Fort Salisbury, 120 miles further north. The distances given are as the crow flies, and will be somewhat greater by road. From London the mails take thirty-five to forty days to reach Mashonaland via Cape Town; but we have direct telegraphic communication with all the forts, and can have cable flashes in a few hours. It must, however, be borne in mind that during the rainy season, which begins in November and ends in May, transport and traffic become difficult owing to the flooded condition of the numerous rivers.

Having thus taken our readers "round the map," let us see what the British South Africa Company is now doing in Mashonaland. The origin of the war with Lobengula is, we assume, too well known to need more than a passing reference. Apart from the recent events which have plunged our relations with the Matabele King and his impis into the acute stage of open hostilities, this "little war" must be regarded as a final struggle for "supremacy of race." It would be Utopian to expect that once having gained a footing in his country and tasted the "milk and honey" which, in parts at least, flow abundantly, and having realised the fact that "Eldorado," as applied poetically to other parts of the world, means there the existence of deposits rich in gold and other metals, the adventurous spirits which compose the white population of the country would be content to live under the suzerainty of a Kaffir. That the two races can govern and rule



A MATABELE WARRIOR.

conjointly in the same country is incompatible with our customs and traditions. The fittest must survive, and the end of the present month may possibly bring us the solution of the problem.

The Chartered Company's forces are variously estimated at from 1500 to 2000 men all told, well armed and mounted, comprising some of the crack shots of the universe. Possessed of all modern implements of war, from machine guns and magazine rifles to electric search-lights, and led by such men as Selous (who knows the country as we know the Strand), Sir John Willoughby, Major Forbes, Captain Lendy, R.A., and others of their cloth and stamp, the result against a savage horde, however numerous, can admit of little doubt.

Lobengula, we are told, can put 12,000 to 15,000 warriors in the field; few with fire-arms, and such as they possess are not only of an inferior and antiquated type, with indifferent if not damaged ammunition, but the Kaffirs who use them are far from being expert marksmen. In the opinion of competent South Africans a Kaffir impi, armed with even good rifles, would be far less formidable than in their memorable serried phalanx with assegai and shield which, to our cost, we experienced in the Zulu War. The reason is simple to seek: with fire-arms the white man is more expert, whilst the Zulu, having abandoned his own natural system of warfare for ours, must be at a disadvantage. But, however this may be, we are not in the present juncture alone dependent on our slender though effective mounted forces to cope with the Matabele masses. We have with us the whole strength of our loyal ally Khama's contingent from Bechuanaland. We knew that he can put from 5000 to 8000 well-disciplined and well-armed warriors into the field, and these men are no mere novices in war. In 1885 they gave Lobengula a taste of their prowess when they almost annihilated one of his powerful impis at Lake N'gami. This we have from a Parliamentary Blue-book published in 1886. Telegraphic advices from South Africa



A SMITH FORGING IRON POINTS FOR ASSEGAI.

give the number of Khama's men with our western column at 1780, but this is considered erroneous, as, knowing his old enemy's power in Matabeleland, he would never risk advancing with such a small force. Khama himself is leading his "braves," and, should he have taken his principal impi of 5000 men with him, then we may assume that short work will be made of Lobengula's army.

The two tribes—Matabele and Bechuana—are distinct in race, and are hereditary enemies. Should they now meet, it is probable our commander will allow the two black impis to open the ball; and once engaged, our mounted columns, with machine guns and quick-firing arms, would "go" for Lobengula's forces in flanks and rear, and make short work of them. Once defeated, the pursuit of the scattered fugitives among the bush or mountains would devolve upon Khama's men. The result may be better imagined than described. On the other hand, if Lobengula should not come into the open, but keep the bush, the Bechuanas would be utilised possibly to go in and spring them.

Referring once more to the map, let us distinguish the positions occupied by the Chartered Company's forces at latest dates. First, we have the line of forts, beginning at Tuli in the south, and extending in a north-easterly direction to Fort Victoria, and thence almost due north to Forts Charter and Salisbury. A force of about 800 mounted men, with machine guns on mules and seven-pounders on light carriages, are now marching north-westward from these forts on Buluwayo, the Matabele capital.

In the extreme south is Macloutsie, the headquarters of the Bechuanaland Police, an Imperial force, under the command of Major Goold-Adams, who recently succeeded Colonel Sir Frederick Carrington, K.C.M.G. This force consists of about 500 well trained irregular cavalry, composed of young English gentlemen and others from the Cape Colony, and considered in every respect a "crack corps." It was here, a few days ago, that Khama joined his impi, many of whom are mounted, well armed, and disciplined, with the only forces of the Queen so far engaged in this little war. In addition to these, the Chartered Company's force of 250 to 300 mounted men, under Commandant



A FORT IN MASHONALAND.

Raaf (an experienced Transvaal Boer campaigner) hitherto garrisoning Fort Tuli, have joined Major Goold-Adams, thus making his white force up to 800, with four machine guns and two seven-pounders. If we add this to Khama's force, accepting only the numbers as announced at 1780 foot and 300 horse, we have a grand total on the western line of attack of 2880. These are now some miles north of Tati, a mining settlement seventy-five miles to the north-west of Macloutsie and one hundred miles south-west of Buluwayo. From Tati towards Lobengula's capital the road is good for about fifty miles to a narrow pass called the "Nek," which if properly defended by Lobengula might effectually bar our progress on his capital. It is highly probable he will defend it, because there are only three routes of possible access to his stronghold, and each of these can be held by a small force—unless, indeed, we can shell them out or send on Khama's nimble infantry to turn their flank. A second pass lies to the north of the "Nek," and it is said Khama advocates our advance by this, which is being now followed. The third and last pass lies away to the east, and is only possible to be reached from the high plateaux of Mashonaland. It is for this latter that the united mounted columns from Forts Charter and Victoria are now marching, and they have with them sufficient wagons to form a "laager," or enclosure, about eighty miles from Victoria, thus forming a good base of communications and supplies of all sorts.

Thus we have two columns converging—one from the east, the other from the west—their goal being Lobengula's kraal at Buluwayo. We have, however, reason to believe

the wary chief is no longer there, but encamped one hundred miles to the north, on the Shangani River, with 5000 men. This river, like most others in Matabeleland, takes its rise in the granite range called the Matoppo Hills, a rugged and almost impenetrable wall of rock running north-east and south-west for over two hundred miles. It is on this range that the Matabele have, since their advent to the country over fifty years ago, established all their strongholds. Its rugged but fertile slopes, well watered, afford them not only protection from an invading foe, but the finest pasture lands and maize fields in the country. The climate is said to be perfect, and the elevation of 3000 to 4000 ft. above sea-level renders it healthy and habitable for Europeans. This alone is a great attraction for the Chartered Company's people, but it fades into insignificance alongside the now-ascertained fact that not only the richest quartz reefs exist there, but that alluvial gold has been found in large and payable quantities. Should this latter discovery prove true, then its importance to the future of the Chartered Company is difficult to exaggerate.

This, apart from other considerations, is the great incentive to your "free-lance buccaneers" forming the majority of the Chartered forces. Mr. Rhodes has told them they are to have farms and cattle, and the right exclusively, for some months after the campaign, to mark out mining claims free. With such rewards looming in the near future and possible wealth in the distance, it is not an exaggerated view to take that those brave fellows, who carry their lives in their hands, will either triumph over Lobengula or perish to the last man. Should they succeed in dislodging his impis from the Matoppo hills, or should he retreat to the north over the Zambesi, then the plan of holding Matabeleland against all comers in the future is one of easy execution. (1) The Zambesi River can be patrolled by our gun-boats, and effectually prevent an impi of any importance from crossing in canoes to raid us in Matabeleland; (2) By guarding and fortifying the three passes referred to and constructing a line of forts on the western slopes, from Tati to the Umfuli and Mazoe rivers, it gives us a vast territory of oval shape, embraced between these and our line of forts on the borders of Portuguese territory to the east. Such an area—larger than Germany—would give us room for millions of our overcrowded labour classes to develop its vast mineral and agricultural wealth. That it will come to us in time there is no doubt, and the very impis that to-day deluge the land with the blood of poor inoffensive Mashonas will, when their military



A MATABELE LADY.

under Cetywayo. In their own country they will not work because of their military training and the dread of losing prestige in the eyes of their Mashona slaves and "dogs"; but in the mines of Johannesburg and Kimberley, far removed from the influences which prevail *chez eux* they make the very best workmen. In South Africa, as in Europe, the "labour question" is of primordial interest to capitalists, and by breaking up the power of Lobengula in Matabeleland and thereby bringing vast contingents into the labour market, Mr. Cecil Rhodes will, if nothing more, have done much to solve one of the most difficult questions which has hitherto puzzled the political economists of South Africa. As we go to press news reaches us of the first engagement between our Eastern columns, united on the slopes of the Matoppo Hills, and the advanced guard of the Matabele impis. The success of our arms has been no surprise to us, knowing as we do the stuff our men are made of. We have only to deplore one casualty, whilst some hundreds of the enemy have succumbed. This, let us hope, is the first of a series of victories which should give us possession of Buluwayo within a week, and thus end to all intents and purposes our last "little South African war." F. I. RICARDE-SEEVER.

Our Illustrations are from sketches by Mr. Clayton Bennett.

CRUELTY TO POETS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors, as it has been flippantly called, needs a distinct department for the benefit of poets. The article on these noble but ill-fated men in the *Edinburgh Review* is, in places, most unfeeling. Let it not be said that I am pleading for my own cause. My wounds bleed afresh, to be sure, for out of my four volumes of rhyme the reviewer only mentions one, a pamphlet of "Ballades." They are echoes of Mr. Austin Dobson, he says, and 'tis very true—Mr. Dobson, an old offender, debauched my green unknowing middle age, and I began actually to think in ballades. But this was long ago—why rake up the excesses of 1880? However, this ruthless man might have gone further, and I might have fared worse, so I bear him no personal grudge. It is different and more serious in the case of Mr. Robert Bridges. If an *Edinburgh Reviewer* really wished to study the poetry of the time—a colossal task—he should at least have named Mr. Bridges' "Shorter Poems" (Bell and Sons), because all who are awake to the merit of contemporary verse know the "Shorter Poems," with their music at once so scholarly and so spontaneous, with their thought so manly, resolute, and sane, with their fresh and magical renderings of nature. But the reviewer only mentions, with praise to be sure, Mr. Bridges' sonnets, "The Growth of Love," and his "classic dramas," not including "Nero." The reviewer falls foul of the black-letter in which one small edition of "The Growth of Love" is printed, probably at the private press of Mr. Daniel, of Worcester College. But I think I have seen two editions in ordinary type, and I certainly possess one such edition. The "suspicion that richness of type is employed to screen poverty of thought" is absurd, when the book exists in type no more "rich" than the reviewer's acquaintance with his topic; and, indeed, as he says, the suspicion "does not apply to Mr. Bridges." Being capable of appreciating his poetry, the reviewer might as well have read his best and most popular book, or if he has read it, might at least have entered it on his preliminary list. Where so many new poets were considered, Mr. John Davidson's "Fleet Street Idylls" (Elkin Mathews and Lane) deserved a word, and a notably good word. Sometimes, after "a torrent of applause," you hear one lonely belated pair of hands clapping. Such a demonstration is this of mine, as Mr. Davidson's remarkable book

came out in spring, and I have only made its acquaintance lately. One never met journalists like those in Mr. Davidson's idylls, indeed—men pining in Fleet Street for the country—but one heartily sympathises with them, on the whole; and, as for the versification, it is admirable and original, and often beautiful. If Mr. Davidson and some good lady poets are wholly neglected, Mr. Stevenson gets a trifle of his due, though the reviewer does not care for his Scotch verse, "And a' the bonny U.P. kirks," nor even mentions the charming rhymes of childhood, "A Child's Garden of Verse." Miss Rossetti is placed a little lower than Miss Ingelow. With all respect for Miss Ingelow's muse this is a curious verdict from a reviewer who can partly appreciate Mr. William Morris's verse in his early and unique work, "The Defence of Guinevere." He cannot easily get through "Jason" or "Sigurd," but that is the defect of his age. "Jason" especially is a poem to be read right through, like a novel, one of the world's oldest novels, done into delightful verse. The "conscious archaism" of "Sigurd" may be granted; but it is not Mr. Morris's most archaic archaism, and does not defy, nor even detain, the reader of an epic which does not hold a foremost place merely because the modern public has not *la tête épique*. The worst sufferers, those who suffer from sins of commission, not of omission, are the most popular poets; for one presumes that Mr. Lewis Morris and Sir Edwin Arnold, if not Mr. Austin, are more popular than Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Morris. This popular estimate is not, indeed, one's own, but that has nothing to do with the matter. Mr. Lewis Morris is accused of being capable of much "in the way of annexation," or the reader is expected to think that Mr. Morris has this imperial peculiarity. "Gwen," it seems, trespasses on the borders of "Maud." There seems to be a young discontented man, with a speculative father, in each, and in each is a young woman, and there is an M in "Monmouth," and another in "Macedon." Not having made the experiment to which the reviewer invites the curious, I have little right to an opinion, but "annexation" is a remarkably hard word, and almost never justifiable in literary matters. As for the use of "like" as equivalent to "as," Mr. William Morris has employed it, and defended it by classical examples, though at present the phrase is chiefly supported by the authority of Mrs. Henry Wood and some other lady novelists.

Till I hear their insolent chariot-wheels roll
The millionaires along,

is objected to; "we presume Mr. Morris says charrot." He need say nothing of the sort; the line scans perfectly well. Mr. Austin is "a gentleman, who appears to seriously expect to be ranked as a poet"; and if the reviewer appears to seriously expect to be ranked as a writer of decent prose, he somewhat overrates his chances. "Appears to seriously expect to be ranked" is a pretty clumsy expression. "A form of vulgarity that stamps a writer beyond hope of redemption" is also a specimen of very brave words indeed, but of words hardly consonant with the courtesies of criticism. Disapproval can be expressed quite as clearly without being expressed so noisily. As for Sir Edwin Arnold, his young Buddha's arithmetical exercises, in some Oriental blank verse—can it be Pushtoo? probably not—are comic enough. The critic, so hard on Mr. Bridges' private black-letter, finds that Sir Edwin's capitals form "a species of claptrap which in itself is enough to stamp anyone who descends to it as a literary charlatan." This is pretty *raide*.

And Bludyer, in immortal strain,
Digs up the *Tomahawk* again!

The old style of slashing articles is revived. One cannot but think that the point is better than the claymore edge in literary conflict. Mr. Coventry Patmore, it seems, rarely gets more than "a passing gibe" from the contemporary critic. Then the contemporary critic must be what Mr. Bumble said that the Law is. The reviewer is wise enough not to agree with the contemporary critic, and if he finds that Mr. Patmore's verse reminds him of A. K. H. B.'s prose, that may be a compliment or not, according to the reviewer's estimate of the Country Parson; still, it is hardly a graceful kind of compliment.

The Government inquiry into the riots at the Featherstone Colliery, near Pontefract, Yorkshire, on Sept. 7, and the killing of two of the rioters by the soldiers firing upon them, was opened by Lord Justice Bowen, Sir Albert Rollit, M.P.; and Mr. R. C. Haldane, Q.C., M.P., on Oct. 19, at Wakefield.

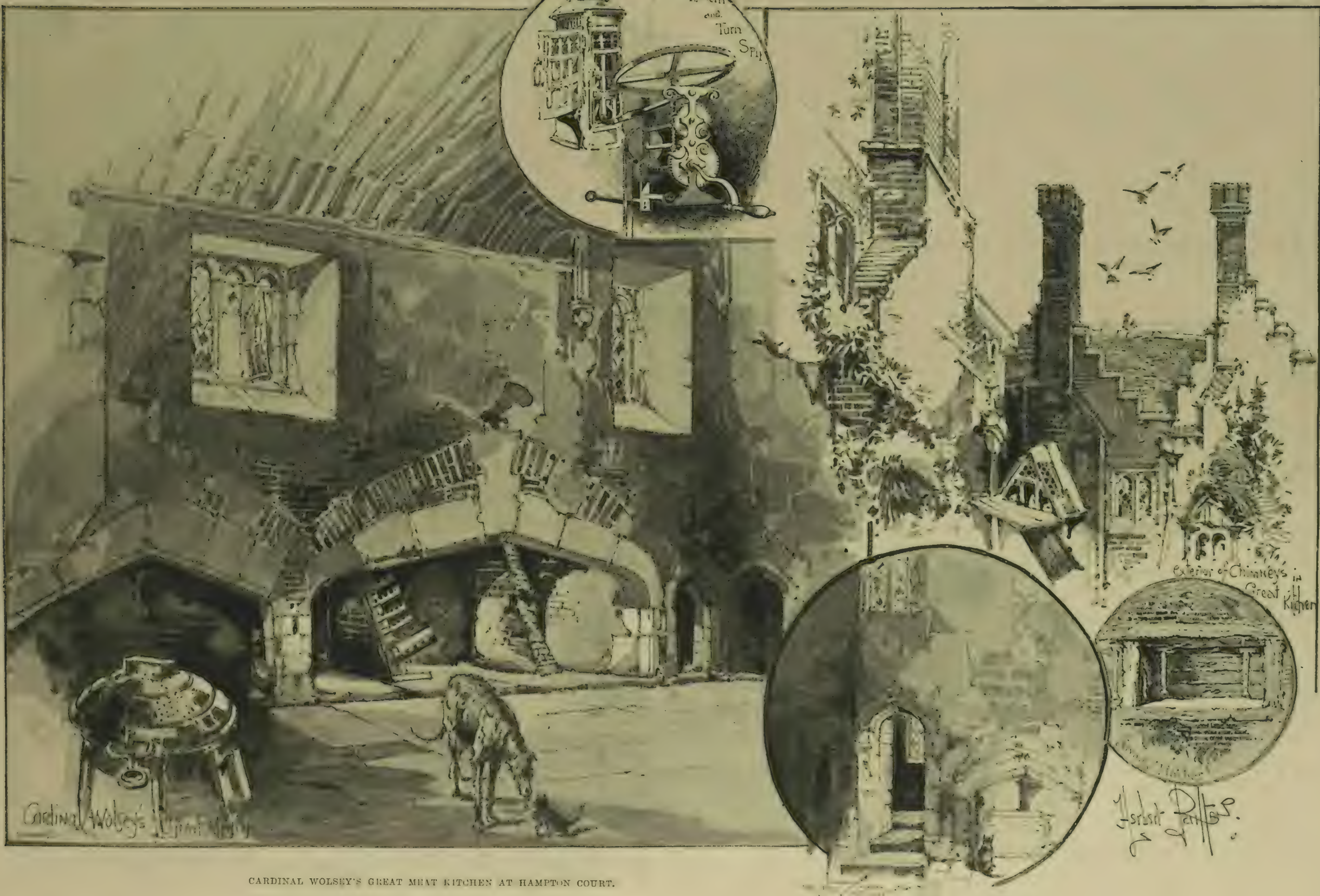
The new buildings of Manchester College, Oxford, an institution for educating Unitarian and other ministers of religion in theology on free principles, which has existed for more than a century, having been removed successively from York to Manchester, from Manchester to London, and latterly from London to Oxford, were formally opened on Thursday, Oct. 19. They are situated near Mansfield College, in the new road adjacent to the Wadham College gardens. Mr. H. R. Greg presided at the opening ceremony, and the chief speakers were the Rev. Dr. Martineau, the Rev. Dr. James Drummond, Principal of this college, and the Rev. H. Enfield Dowson. The Warden of Merton College was present at the luncheon, which the late Master of Balliol, Dr. Jowett, before his lamented death, had promised to attend.



A MATABELE SORCERER.

organisation is broken up and scattered, become the great source whence to draw the best black labour in the world.

The great military Zulu power which the father of Lobengula established by terrorism in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, with its attendant orgies and horrors, may be said to exist no more. Intermarriage with the mild and timid Mashona women and slaves began to undermine it generations ago, and the Matabele of to-day are no longer of the pure Zulu blood we had learned to dread and respect



CARDINAL WOLSEY'S GREAT MEAT KITCHEN AT HAMPTON COURT.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have been perusing an account of the fertilisation of those curious members of the lily family, the yuccas, whose curious spiny-looking leaves are familiar to us in all collections of tropical plants. It seems that these plants are practically incapable of fertilising themselves. They require the assistance and aid of some external means for the conveyance of the fertilising dust, or "pollen," from one plant to the other. This, of course, is a feature not limited to the yuccas by any means, but they illustrate the phenomena of cross-fertilisation by insects very admirably, while they also exemplify the case of a plant-group which seems to be dependent for its successful development on a single insect species—in this case a moth. Professor C. V. Riley, the well-known American entomologist, has discovered, pieced together, and told the story of yucca-fertilisation with marked success. The pollen, which is of sticky consistency in these plants, cannot pass from the stamens in which it is developed to the top (or stigma) of a plant's own pistil; therefore, Dame Nature enlists the services of a certain tribe of moths known by the name of *Pronuba*, and it would seem that each species of yucca plant is fertilised by a distinct species of *Pronuba*. The moth's unconscious service to the plant is rewarded (or, perchance, shall we say was inaugurated?) by the supply of food for its larvæ (or caterpillars), which it gains in the course of its fertilising work.

The moths are night-flying insects, so at night they are found haunting the neighbourhood of the yucca plants. It is then that the flowers of the yucca open, so that the relations between the plant and this particular group of insects is seen to be an intimate one from its first detail. The male moths are described as being more or less constantly on the wing, while the females dive into the flowers. Getting on top of one of the stamens of the flower, the moth scrapes the pollen out of the anther (or top of the stamen), and rolls this dust into a ball-shaped mass under her head. Thus provided, she flies to another plant. If the conditions satisfy her, she settles between two of the stamens, head upwards, and then, by means of a long and sharp ovipositor, or egg-depositing instrument, which projects from her tail, thrusts her eggs into the pistil, where they, of course, mingle with the ovules, or unripened seeds. Now succeeds a remarkable act on the part of the mother-moth. For, passing to the top of the pistil where the pollen needs to be deposited, she pushes on to the stigma a part of the pollen she has collected from the flowers of the plant previously visited. These pollen-grains, thus placed in their proper position by the moth, fertilise the ovules and convert them into seeds; and it is observed that the moth will work her long tongue up and down within the pistil-tube as if intent that the pollen will really reach the ovules.

The moth only chooses for this fertilising operation flowers that are newly opened. Those which have been already fertilised she seems to avoid as unnecessary items in respect of her attentions. From the egg of the moth, which was deposited within the pistil among the ovules, a larva in due season is developed. This larva finds a store of food in the seeds, and avails itself of the dietary thus lying ready to hand. It devours several of the seeds, but as the fruit, which is a kind of pod, ripens, the larva breaks out of its plant-prison. This takes place at night, and hanging by a silken thread of its own making the larva drops to the ground, enters the soil, and speedily forms a cocoon around itself, and within which it will undergo its succeeding developments. Very strange is it to be told that, in some cases, the moth will not emerge from its cocoon for several years. We are also informed that during its adult life, and when engaged in the combined egg-laying and flower-fertilising process, the moth is never seen to take any nourishment at all.

The unusual and unwonted in human history is always interesting, even if its explanation be not invariably forthcoming. Whenever I read of anything of the kind experienced by an accurate observer, I hope for the explanation of some phenomena or other which, in the hands of superstitious people, pass muster for revelations of the mystical, weird, and supernatural side of things. Here is a case to wit. Professor T. Vignoli, an Italian savant, relates that on July 3, after a railway journey, in a bright sun, and two days' walk in very hot weather, he was in a room in the company of others. His eyes fell on a balcony of trellis-work and ivy brightly illuminated by the sun. In the balcony was a cage containing birds, and flowering creepers grew upright in columns, the columns being crossed by the balcony bars below, and by sticks above.

Now, two days thereafter, while in perfect health, the Professor awoke in the early morning. On the ceiling of his room, lit by the light coming through the venetian blinds of two large windows, he saw a perfect reproduction of the balcony and its flowers, colours and all. The impression lasted long enough, it is said, for him to look carefully at the image, which vanished when the Professor closed his eyes, and reappeared on their being opened. In each eye the image of the balcony was represented, and, more curious still, a finger interposed between the eye and the ceiling intercepted the image, just as it would have shut off the vision of a real object external to the beholder. The cage of birds and its swinging movement was also reproduced. Rightly enough, it is said this was not a case of ordinary subjective vision—that is, of the projection from the retina of some image proceeding from the brain. For in the ordinary illusion the image remains present with us even if the eyes be closed. Is there, then, some variety of optical illusion in which brain and eye together foster more vividly than is their wont the semblance of external reality? It would seem to be so; only if anybody but a sober scientist had placed this incident on record, the mystics would at once have seen in the occurrence a proof indisputable of the transference of sights from a distance, and the exercise of a mysterious telepathic power. As it is I suspect it is a case of mental photography, intensified, doubtless, by the physical conditions of brightness under which the scene was originally viewed.

CHESS.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2576 received from PEP (Cape Town); of No. 2577 from R. Syer (San Jo.); of No. 2578 from Kaito (Cape Town); PEP, and R. Syer; of No. 2579 from W. F. Jones (Belleville); of No. 2580 from R. Syer, and W. F. Jones; of No. 2581 from Howich, O'Falla do Poccirao, and Marianno da Outra Metade; of No. 2582 from T. Shakspear (South Yardley), H. F. W. Lane, Joseph Wilcock (Chester), Howich, and Blair Cochrane (Clewley); of No. 2583 from J. F. Moon, H. F. W. Lane (Stroud), R. Worters (Canterbury), and G. T. Hughes (Athy).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2584 received from W. David (Cardiff), G. T. Hughes (Athy), B. D. Knox, E. Loudon, J. Coad, C. M. A. B. C. E. Perugini, Shadforth, Joseph Wilcock, J. F. Moon, R. W. Giles (York), A. Newman, Blair Cochrane, M. Burke, J. Hall, Julia Short (Exeter), J. C. Ireland, J. Ross (Whitley), G. Joyce, W. R. Raillem, Admiral Brandreth, J. Dixon, R. S. Stewart, Henry B. Byrnes (Torquay), John M. Robert (Crossgar), R. Worters, Digamma, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), A. J. Haggood (Haslar), Charles Burnett, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Sorrento, E. C. Weatherley, Martin F. S. J. Shepherd, L. Desanges (Brighton), F. Hammond, A. M. Clintock, T. F. B. Livesey (Ventnor), W. P. Hind, J. W. Blagg (Cheshire), R. H. Brooks, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Dawn, Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), Brockley, T. Roberts, H. B. Hurford, and J. D. Taylor.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2533.—By J. G. CAMPBELL.

WHITE.
1. P to Kt 4th.
2. R to B 4th.
3. Q Mates.

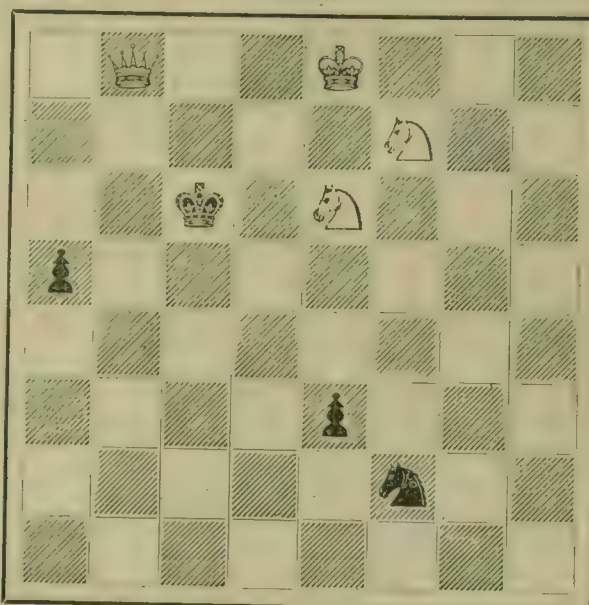
BLACK.
R takes P
Any move

If Black play 1. P to Kt 3rd, 2. R to B 6th, any move; 3. Q or R mates.

PROBLEM No. 2586.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK:



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

First game played in the match between Dr. TARRASCH and Mr. TSCHEGORIN.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Dr. T.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. K Kt to B 3rd Q Kt to B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th

Dr. Tarrasch is the great master of this opening, as his opponent is of the Evans Gambit. He naturally, therefore, begins this important contest on lines peculiarly his own.

3. P to Q R 3rd P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th Kt to B 3rd
5. Castles P takes P
6. P to Q 4th P to Q Kt 4th
7. B to Kt 3rd P to Q 4th
8. P takes P Kt to K 2nd

Black, as a matter of course, finds it safer to fall back on moves that have the sanction of eminent authorities, and this is what he does. He begins by taking the P on K 2nd, and then by taking the P on K 4th, and finally by taking the P on K 3rd.

9. P to Q R 4th

Introducing some novelty into the play, and giving White in a few moves the better position.

9. P takes P Q R to Kt sq
10. Kt to Q 4th Kt to Q B 4th
11. B to Kt 5th Q to Q 2nd
12. Q Kt to B 3rd P to Q B 3rd
13. Q to R 5th

With his pieces so well developed, White can now afford time to search for weak points in the defence. His threatened advance of P to K 6th is a standing menace to Black, and prevents the useful exchange of Kt for B.

14. K R to K sq Kt to Kt 3rd
15. K R to K sq Kt to K 3rd

Second game in the match between the same players.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Dr. T.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 3rd
2. Q to K 2nd

A move which will probably receive some attention. It has been adopted by Mr. Pollock and others previously.

2. P to Q B 4th P to Q B 4th
3. Q Kt to B 3rd Q Kt to B 3rd
4. Kt to B 3rd P to Q R 3rd
5. P to K Kt 3rd Kt to Q 5th
6. Q to Q 3rd Q to Kt 3rd
7. B to Kt 2nd Kt to K 2nd
8. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt
9. Kt to K 2nd

The originality of the opening is obvious, and affords abundant scope for discussion hereafter.

9. P to Q B 3rd Kt to B 3rd
10. P to Q R 3rd

To us this appears less satisfactory than P to Q R 3rd.

10. Kt takes P P takes P
11. Castles B to B 4th
12. Castles P to K 4th
13. P to B 2nd P to K 4th

Preventing the desirable move of P to Q 4th.

14. R to Kt sq Q to R 2nd
15. B to Kt 2nd P to Q 3rd
16. B to R sq B to Kt 5th
17. Kt to B sq P to Q Kt 4th
18. P to K R 3rd B to K 3rd
19. Kt to K 2nd Q R to B sq
20. Q R to Q sq B to Kt 3rd
21. Q to Kt 2nd Kt to R 4th
22. P to Q 3rd K to R sq
23. P to Kt 4th P to B 3rd
24. Kt to Kt 3rd Kt to Kt 2nd

We can only direct attention to the interesting manoeuvres about this period.

We give above the first two games in the great fight between Dr. Tarrasch and Mr. Tschigorin, and the play is worthy of the reputation of the combatants, which is saying much. So far, Dr. Tarrasch has proved the stronger, but the history of match play is too full of marvellous surprises to allow any confident prediction of the final result.

Two innovations marked the recent wedding in Paris of the second son of Lord Dufferin with Miss Flora Davis. The first innovation was introduced by the bride's arrangement that her four bridesmaids should wear different-coloured striped dresses. The costumes were made in Directoire style, of striped silk, pale green appearing in one stripe of each, but being variously contrasted with white, peach, pink, and yellow, enabling the parents to be varied to match the complexions of the respective bridesmaids. This happy thought will commend itself to those who know the painful difficulties of settling on one single colour for several bridesmaids of different styles of beauty. The other novelty consisted of a political speech delivered by the officiating mayor to the wedding party. In France a double ceremony is necessary, for the law recognises only the civil marriage, and if you are married in church alone you are not legally married at all. In Lord Dufferin's son's case, of course, the civil wedding only preceded by a day the religious one, and this is the way in which the matter is usually arranged by fashionable French people. The Mayor availed himself of his opportunity to "say his say," and certainly the manner in which he discharged this impromptu duty is not encouraging to the idea of substituting an original address by the officiant for a set and already printed one. The queer, old-fashioned, concluding homily of our Prayer-Book, as out of date now, both in words and ideas, as all the literary efforts of the pulpit of the days of the Tudors, might be, one thinks, easily replaced by some sympathetic and "alive" words from the officiating minister. But if this were usual, who knows if we might not have personal opinions on political and social matters introduced? There is always that advantage about set forms and ceremonies—that you know the worst that can happen. So perhaps the usual marriage service had better stand till the long-talked-of revision of the whole Prayer-Book is carried out.

What is about the last thing that one would think of as "effeminate"? Surely it is the purely masculine appendage that Rosalind, in her saucy parting speech, uses as the very distinguishing mark of manhood. Yet here is the Bishop of Winchester calling the wearing of beards by the clergy "effeminate"! It always seems to me an unchivalrous and unsuitable thing for men to use phrases about our sex as terms of contempt for their own. It is, no doubt, done thoughtlessly, but it is done constantly. If a man wants to express his contempt for the judgment and temper of another, what does he call him but "an old woman"? Some of the cleverest creatures in the world, in the way of foresight, judgment, and tact in diplomatic management, are found among "old women"! Why should they be held up as the very type of the contemptible, and their description employed for the use of foolish men's contemnors? And conversely, does a man want to praise a woman's intellect, he talks of her as having "a masculine mind"—a phrase which I even once saw applied, in a work on English literature, to that poet, palpitating with femininity, whose very strength is her essential un-masculinity, Elizabeth Barrett Browning—she had "a masculine mind," said the unconsciously insolent Scotch professor. It is the same with "effeminate." Here is the dictionary supplying as synonyms for that term the following list of qualities: "Woman-like, womanish, feminine, weak, delicate, cowardly, voluptuous, unmanly." To use our sex as implying all that is feeble, fussy, and foolish is not kind or polite, or, I hope, true; so please think it over, my brothers, and leave off talking about "old women" and "effeminate" as the deepest depths of folly and weakness, now that a Bishop has reduced the practice to absurdity by calling a beard "effeminate"!

Early in November there is to be at the Agricultural Hall an exhibition of bread-making, to which bakers from far and wide are invited to send their samples. It will hardly be, as a show, of engrossing interest to the casual visitor, but it may be a very useful undertaking if it enables the public to distinguish between honest and adulterated bread. This most common article of our diet has not yet, so far as I know, received the attention of the inspectors under the Adulteration Acts; yet it is one of the food-stuffs most difficult to get in pure and perfect condition. Time was, and not so long ago, when all bread-making was done on the domestic hearth, and, indeed, in the north of England a good deal of home baking still goes on; but London cooks, at any rate, consider it apparently to be an art beyond their reach. Yet vegetarians, who must in many localities prepare home-baked bread because they cannot get readily the genuine whole-meal bread that they must eat to compensate for their abstinence from the nourishment contained in the flesh-pots of the unconverted, have discovered that it is singularly easy to make good brown bread out of whole-meal flour. This is not flour into which a handful of bran has been thrown, but the merely lightly milled or "decorticated" and ground wheat kernels. To make bread that shall be as nourishing as possible, take a pound of real whole-meal flour, and mix in it, while dry, a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of good, but ordinary, baking-powder. Pour in three-quarters of a pint of cold water, mix lightly with an iron spoon, then two-thirds fill a greased baking tin with this dough, and bake immediately in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour; turn out to cool at once on removal from the oven.

But it is not everybody who believes in even whole-meal bread as "the staff of life." It seems that Mr. Isaac Holden, the veteran member of the House of Commons, who is older than Mr. Gladstone, and who yet not only regularly attends that fatiguing assembly, but walks about without an overcoat on quite cold days, and generally displays wonderful vitality, is a follower of the school of ideas which almost excludes bread from the ordinary dietary. Those who hold these theories maintain that the earthy salts that are in wheat are not needed for the full-grown body, but on the contrary are injurious, serving only to dry up the juices and over-ossify the bones and harden the sinews. Fruit is their panacea for all the evils of advancing years. Mr. Holden lives chiefly on fresh fruit, and undoubtedly is a splendid example of its value. He also lays great stress on open-air exercise for aged people, as well as for their juniors.



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ART NOTES.

The winter exhibitions are this year ushered in by Mr. Thomas McLean, who at his gallery in the Haymarket has brought together the oft-repeated "mixture as before" of English and foreign artists. Messrs. Henry Moore, Godward, Wimperis, and Hurt are conspicuous among the former; and Messrs. Harlamoff, Eugène de Blaas, and Blommers among the latter. The *pièce de résistance* on this occasion is a small replica of Mr. Orchardson's "The Young Duke," of which the larger rendering was the principal picture at Burlington House some five or six years ago. It is not improbable that etchings and other reproductions by which this picture has been popularised have been made from the smaller work, which in some cases is more solidly painted than the larger. It is as difficult to arouse any great interest in the daylight debauch of the Duke and his parasites as it is to understand how that meagrely covered table—without the vestige of a wine-bottle or decanter—could have produced so much noisy enthusiasm. Mr. George Clausen's "Digging Potatoes" is a rustic idyll of of which one cannot but think the note is forced, if not false. How can the spectator enjoy a landscape which is only to be seen over the stooping form of the girl who so hardly is earning a pittance? The contrast is too strong for real sentiment to have fair play.

The story of the Geneva papyri still remains to be written; for, as the learned professor who discovered them is still actively engaged in the search for others, his name is prudently concealed for the present. At the close of last year the managers of the *Journal de Genève*, one of the best edited papers on the Continent, opened a subscription for the purchase of some Egyptian papyri for the national library. About 4000f. were collected and despatched, and in the course of the month of May last five large boxes were received at Geneva. The greater portion were in a very dilapidated state, and those which it was possible to decipher were found to be written in the ever-varying forms of Greek writing—forms which changed almost radically every half-century. The first discovery made by Professor Jules Nicole, to whom the manuscripts were referred, was of a portion of the tenth and eleventh books of the *Iliad*, differing in many respects from the received text. The next effort revealed a page of the *Orestes* of Euripides—evidently torn from an *édition de luxe* of the poet's work—and assigned to a date at least a thousand years anterior to the hitherto accepted version. M. Nicole subsequently discovered a didactic poem on the influence of the stars, an idyll recounting the story of Jupiter and Leda, a number of scientific essays, and several historical writings.

Amongst the comparatively modern contents of the boxes were some fragments of the Bible, with and without commentaries, some liturgical verses, and a religious treatise in which the quotations from the New Testament are altogether at variance with the generally received text.

Coming down still later, there is the letter of a bishop or prior recommending three of his order to the care of the posting administration of the day. It is very short, and to the point: "You will be kind enough to give horses to these good monks, for they are orthodox." As materials for the history of the condition of the eastern provinces of the Roman Empire during the first four or five centuries of our era, these papers will probably be of great value and interest. The series is in a great measure complete, and shows how anxious the Roman rulers were to organise the countries they had conquered, and as soon as possible to turn their soldiers' swords into ploughshares and reaping-hooks.

The selection from the works of Edward Calvert, which found place last winter at Burlington House, attracted attention to one of the enthusiasts for art who had sat at the feet of William Blake. Whether Calvert's reputation as a painter was deserving of the sumptuous monument which his son has now raised to his memory in the shape of a handsome volume (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) may be doubted; but it is a valuable addition to our knowledge of a peculiarly attractive man, with a high ideal and a frank conviction of being unable to attain to it. Edward Calvert was born in 1799, at Appledore, in North Devon, and began life as a midshipman on board H.M.S. Chesapeake. Two years later he was present on the Albion at the bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth. His naval career, to which he never took heartily, closed four years afterwards, and he at once announced his determination to follow painting as a profession. His first teacher was Joseph Hine, a Cumberland man, and a friend of Wordsworth, then residing at Plymouth. He worked diligently, and in 1824 came to London, and was at once admitted to the Royal Academy Schools then under the direction of Fuseli. Here he made the acquaintance of George Richmond, Samuel Palmer, and Oliver Finch—a little band of idealists who grouped themselves round Blake—and devoted their talents to the cultivation of classic art. How far Edward Calvert achieved success the carefully reproduced drawings in this volume bear witness. To some it will seem that he never did anything better than his earliest picture of any distinction, "Arcadian Shepherds Driving their Flocks at Dawn." In this, as in the majority of his works, the effects of his wanderings in Boeotia and Arcadia and other little-frequented parts of Greece in 1845-46 will be apparent, but above this there was the stronger influence of a love of classic form and antique pastoral. Calvert seems, from want of skill and power rather than of imagination, to have filled in English art the place which Ingres occupies in French painting. Our fellow-countryman's sense of beauty was as refined, but he lacked the strength of the Frenchman's brush. He died in 1883—only ten years ago—and his work (which is rarely met with) is almost forgotten. His son, therefore, has been well advised to remind us of the place Edward Calvert occupies in English art.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Perhaps the most important sign of the times is the refusal of the Diocesan Conferences both at Bath and Lincoln to support the proposal that Churchmen should endeavour to obtain aid from the rates for Church schools. Considering the earnestness with which the plan has been pressed by influential Church journals, this must be considered almost, if not altogether, decisive. In the North the difficulties are undoubtedly serious. School fees are high and subscriptions low; the partial remission of fees has greatly affected available funds, and it is difficult to raise the sum wanted by voluntary subscriptions. But it is felt that if ratepayers are admitted on the Boards of Management it will be impossible to restrict their interference, and that the result will come to be the teaching of undenominational religion.

The Metropolitans in Canada are henceforth to be entitled Archbishops. Dr. Machray becomes Archbishop of Rupertsland, and Dr. Lewis becomes Archbishop of Ontario.

The Duke of Devonshire has promised a site valued at £6000 and a subscription of £5000 towards the erection of a new church at Eastbourne, the vicar of which is to be the Rev. Hampden C. Jameson. Mr. Jameson is, if I mistake not, the brother-in-law of a very popular lady novelist.

Mr. Hall Caine has written a "Life of Christ." It contains what is, in his judgment, the best work he has hitherto accomplished; but he does not propose to publish it for some time. He hopes to visit the Holy Land, and to rewrite part of the book afterwards. Mr. Hall Caine thinks that Renan is the only writer who has hitherto approached the subject from an imaginative point of view.

I regret to learn that for domestic reasons the Rev. W. J. Richmond has withdrawn his acceptance of the Archdeaconry of Macclesfield. The Rev. C. M. Woosnam, senior chaplain to the Mersey Mission to Seamen, has accepted the position. He will continue to direct his mission, in the work of which he has made himself very popular with the sailors.

The Manchester New College, Oxford, has now been opened. It is a Unitarian theological college, and the authorities of Mansfield, the Congregational college, do not seem to have been represented at the opening meetings. Mrs. Humphry Ward was present, and sends her impressions to the *Manchester Guardian*. She strongly disapproves of extempore prayers. "In Oxford, a place sensitive beyond others to beauty and fitness of form, such a mode of religious utterance cannot really succeed." Mrs. Ward thinks that Dr. Martineau should compile a Service Book, and pleads for "distinction" and "charm" as qualities absolutely necessary to the movement if it is to succeed in Oxford.

I observe that in the Roman Catholic newspapers considerable attention is given to charges made against the convent system by Miss Golding, who was formerly a nun. Replies are published from those incriminated.—V.

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OBITUARY.

LORD VIVIAN.

Sir Hussey Crespiigny Vivian, Baron Vivian, died at the Embassy in Rome on Oct. 21. Lord Vivian was grandson of Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Hussey Vivian, a very distinguished officer, who was created Baron Vivian in 1841. The late peer was born June 19, 1834, and entered the

Foreign Office in 1851. His diplomatic career commenced when, in 1856, he was attached to the Earl of Clarendon's special mission to Paris. He accompanied the late Marquis of Breadalbane to Berlin in 1861, on the occasion of the King of Prussia being invested with the Order of the Garter, and was sent to Athens in 1864 with the Draft Treaty for the annexation of the Ionian Islands to Greece. He was appointed Agent and Consul-General in Egypt in 1876, and in 1878 was made C.B. After holding successively the appointments of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Denmark and to the King of the Belgians, and of British Plenipotentiary to the Slave Trade Conference at Brussels, he was made a G.C.M.G., and in 1892 he became Ambassador to the King of Italy. Lord Vivian married June 8, 1876, Louisa Alice, only daughter of Mr. Robert George

Duff, of Ryde, Isle of Wight, and leaves an only son, George Crespiigny Brabazon, who now succeeds to the title.

ARCHBISHOP KNOX.

The Most Rev. Robert Knox, D.D., Archbishop of Armagh, Primate and Metropolitan of all Ireland, died at the Palace, Armagh, on Oct. 23. The late Archbishop was son of the Ven. and Hon. Charles Knox, Archdeacon of Armagh, whose father was the first Viscount Northland, and whose brother was created Earl of Ranfurly. He was born Sept. 25, 1808, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1829 and was made D.D. in 1858. Dr. Knox was consecrated Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore in 1848, and in 1886 was translated to the Primacy. He married Catherine Delia, daughter of Mr. Thomas Gibbon Fitzgibbon, of Ballyseeda, co. Limerick, and leaves issue.

THE HON. F. D. MONTAGU-STUART-WORTLEY.

The Hon. Francis Dudley Montagu-Stuart-Wortley died at Scarborough on Oct. 20. The deceased gentleman was brother and heir-presumptive to the Earl of Wharnccliffe, being included in the limitation on the creation of the earldom in 1876. He was born July 23, 1829, and married, Aug. 28, 1855, Maria Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. William Bennet Martin, of Worsborough Hall, in the county of York; and by her leaves an eldest son, Mr. Francis John Montagu-Stuart-Wortley, who, by his father's death, becomes heir-presumptive to the earldom. Mr. Montagu-Stuart-Wortley was a barrister-at-law, and J.P. and D.L. for the West Riding of Yorkshire.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dame Helen Mary Colebrook-Cameron, wife of Sir William Cameron, K.C.B., General commanding the Forces

in South Africa, who died at the Castle, Cape Town, on Oct. 7.

Dame Caroline Alison Crosthwaite, wife of Sir Charles Crosthwaite, K.C.S.I., and daughter of Mr. Henry Lushington, who died at Adelaide, Australia, on Oct. 10.

Mr. John Adam Richard Newman, J.P., D.L., of Dromore House, near Mallon, who died on Oct. 14. The late Mr. Newman was High Sheriff of the county of Cork in 1874.

Lieutenant-General J. N. Sargent, C.B., Colonel 27th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, who died at Mount Mascal, Bexley, Kent, on Oct. 20.

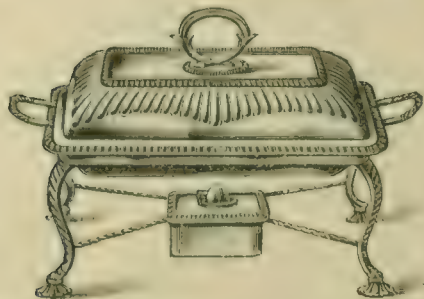
The Zoological Society of London has received from Princess Henry of Battenberg a present of three fine young tiger cubs, which were sent to her Royal Highness by the Nawab Sir Asman Jah, of Hyderabad, having been captured by him in May 1892; also a pair of adult lions, presented to the society by the Sultan of Zanzibar; and two young female lion cubs, from Somaliland, presented by Lord Delamere.

The annual Conference of Poor Law Guardians for the south-eastern district of England was held at the Society of Arts' rooms, Adelphi, on Oct. 19; Lord Basing was president. There was a discussion of that part of the Local Government Bill of this Session which proposes to form district councils, grouping together about 6000 parishes, to administer the poor law, the highways, and the Sanitary Acts, with an altered mode of electing guardians. A resolution was passed that these matters should be dealt with by separate legislation after inquiry by a Royal Commission.

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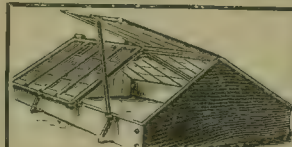
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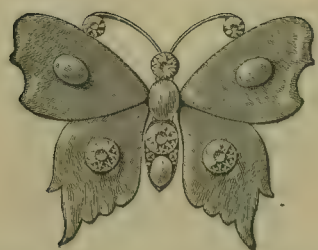
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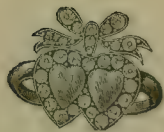
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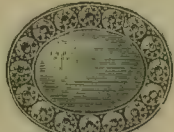
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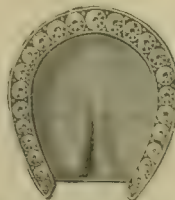
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 21, 1887) of Mr. George Samuel, late of 29, Park Crescent, Portland Place, who died on Sept. 12, was proved on Oct. 17 by Baron Henry de Worms, P.C., M.P., the nephew, and Peter Williams, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £473,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital; £20,000 Three per Cent. Consols each to his sisters, Lady Salomons and the Countess of Orkney; £10,000 Three per Cent. Consols each to his nephews and nieces, George Baron de Worms, Joseph Phillips Salomons, Mrs. Anna Wailey, and Madame Amy Ernest de Saisset; £5000 Three per Cent. Consols to his godson Paul George de Saisset; £3000 to his friend and valet, John Smith; £800 Three per Cent. Consols to the rector and churchwardens of the parish of East Hampstead, the interest to be applied as long as the law permits in keeping up the enclosure in the churchyard of the said parish, in which is buried his only child, and in which he directs himself to be interred, and in decorating the same with flowers from time to time; £250 to the Rev. H. Salvey, or the rector for the time being of East Hampstead, one half for the schools under his management, and the other half for the poor of the parish, both as he may think fit; £500 to his executor, Mr. Peter Williams; £500 to his clerk and secretary, Mr. Alfred Smith; £500 each to the servants in his own service who were in the service of his late father; £250 each to his other servants

who have been five years in his service; one year's wages each to his other servants; an annuity of £200 to Madame Anna Herzog, in addition to the £400 per annum he is liable to pay her under bond; his leasehold residence, 29, Park Crescent, with the plate, pictures, furniture, linen, china, and carriages, to his ward, Miss Adele Solari, for life, and his horses, wines, and consumable stores to her absolutely. The residue of his estate and effects whatsoever and wheresoever, both real and personal, he gives to his nephew, Baron Henry de Worms.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1890), with two codicils (dated Nov. 7, 1892, and May 1, 1893), of Mr. William Fisher, late of 3, Crescent Terrace, Cheltenham, who died on Aug. 21; was proved on Oct. 16 by Ulrich Holborow, James Batten Winterbotham, Lauriston Winterbotham, and David Templeton, the executors; the value of the personal estate amounting to over £73,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 upon trust for his sister, Eliza Page, for life; £5000 to his niece Mrs. Zoë Templeton; £2500 upon trust for Adelaide Bousard for life, and then for the said Zoë Templeton; £900 to his servant, Charlotte Sheriff; £500 each to Aimée Lloyd and Virginie Hooper; and legacies to his executors and to nine nephews and nieces of his late wife. The residue of his property, estate, and effects, he leaves to his nephews and nieces, the children of his sister, Eliza Page.

The will (dated May 20, 1884) of the Rev. Henry Horlock Bastard, late of Taunton, Somersetshire, who died

on Sept. 22, at Charlton Manor, Charlton Marshall, Kent, was proved on Oct. 16 by Mrs. Anna Catherine Bastard, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £65,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his property, estate, and effects, both real and personal, to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 21, 1875), with a codicil (dated Feb. 3, 1892), of Captain John Mundy Dowdeswell, formerly of Pull Court, near Tewkesbury, and late of King's End, Worcester, and 2, Queen's Gardens, Lancaster Gate, who died on July 14, was proved on Oct. 13 by Mrs. Annie Rossmore Dowdeswell, the widow, and Arthur Charles Dowdeswell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £59,000. The testator bequeaths his diamond earrings and bracelet with cameo set with diamonds to his wife for life, and then to his son who shall first attain twenty-one; an oil painting of Charles Godfrey Mundy and his daughter Sophy to his cousin Charles Francis Massingberd-Mundy, to be preserved as an heirloom; and the remainder of his jewellery and all his furniture, plate, books, china, and articles of personal use or ornament to his wife. All other his property, estate, and effects, he leaves to his wife, for life, and then equally to his children.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated July 19, 1887), with three codicils (dated Nov. 25, 1887, April 24, 1888, and Feb. 20, 1890), of Miss Deborah Maria Cannon, formerly of 25, Clarinda Park, Kingstown, and

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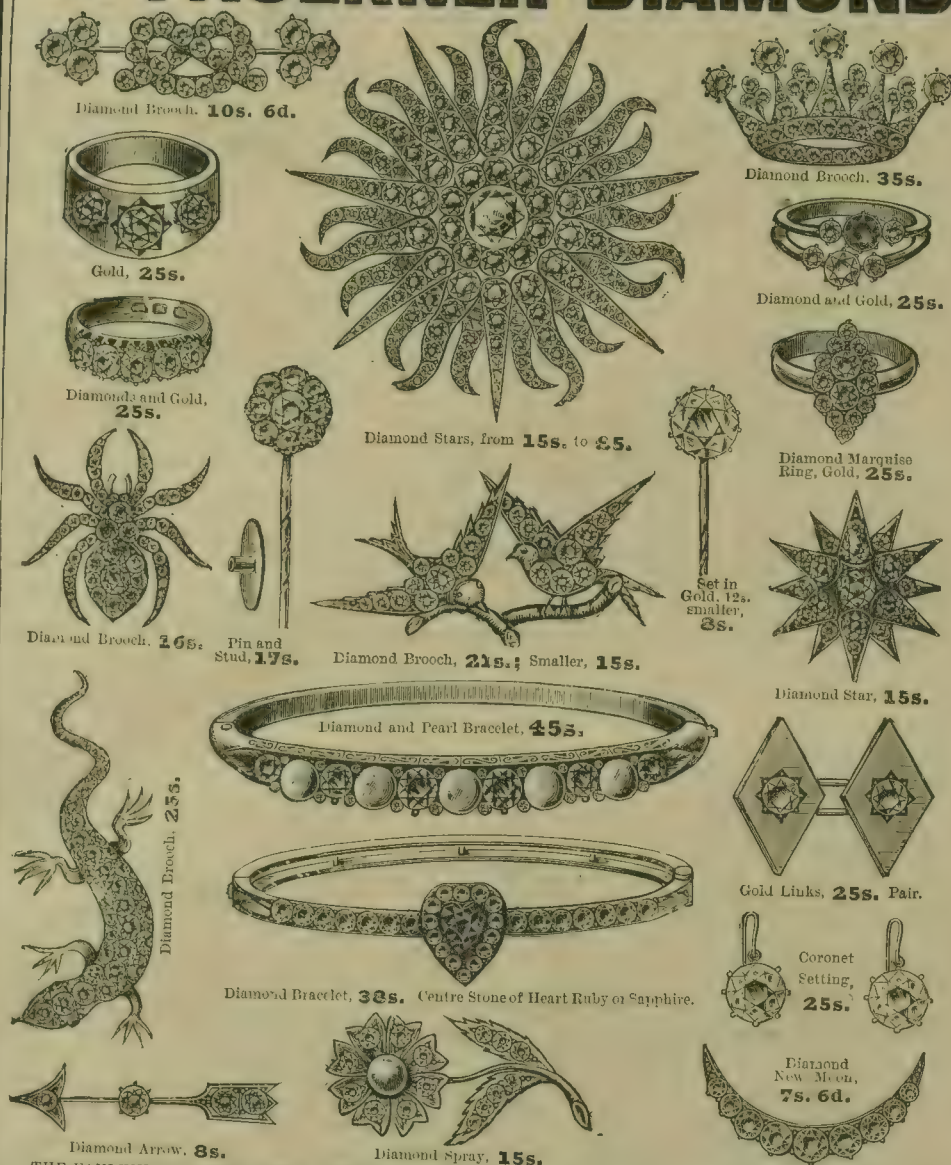
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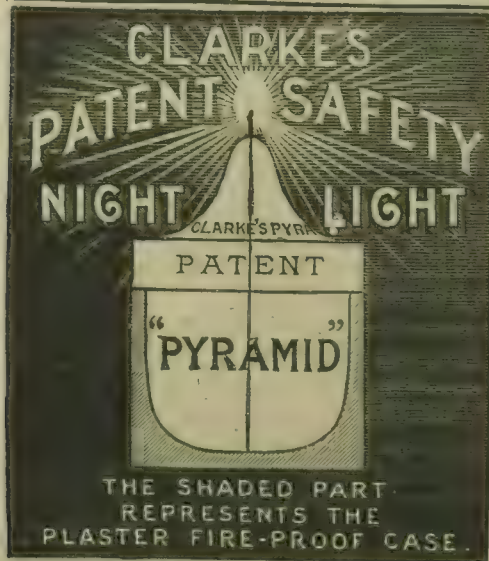
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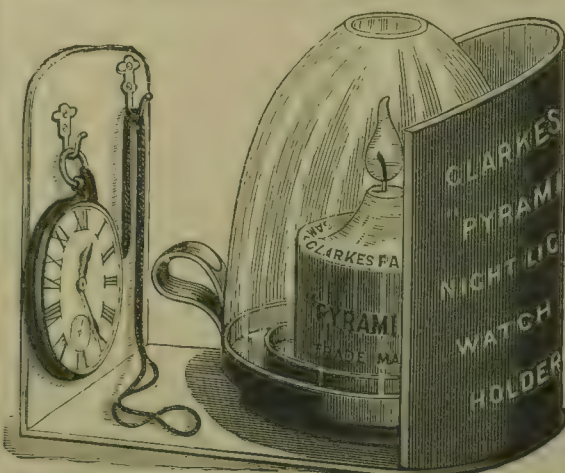


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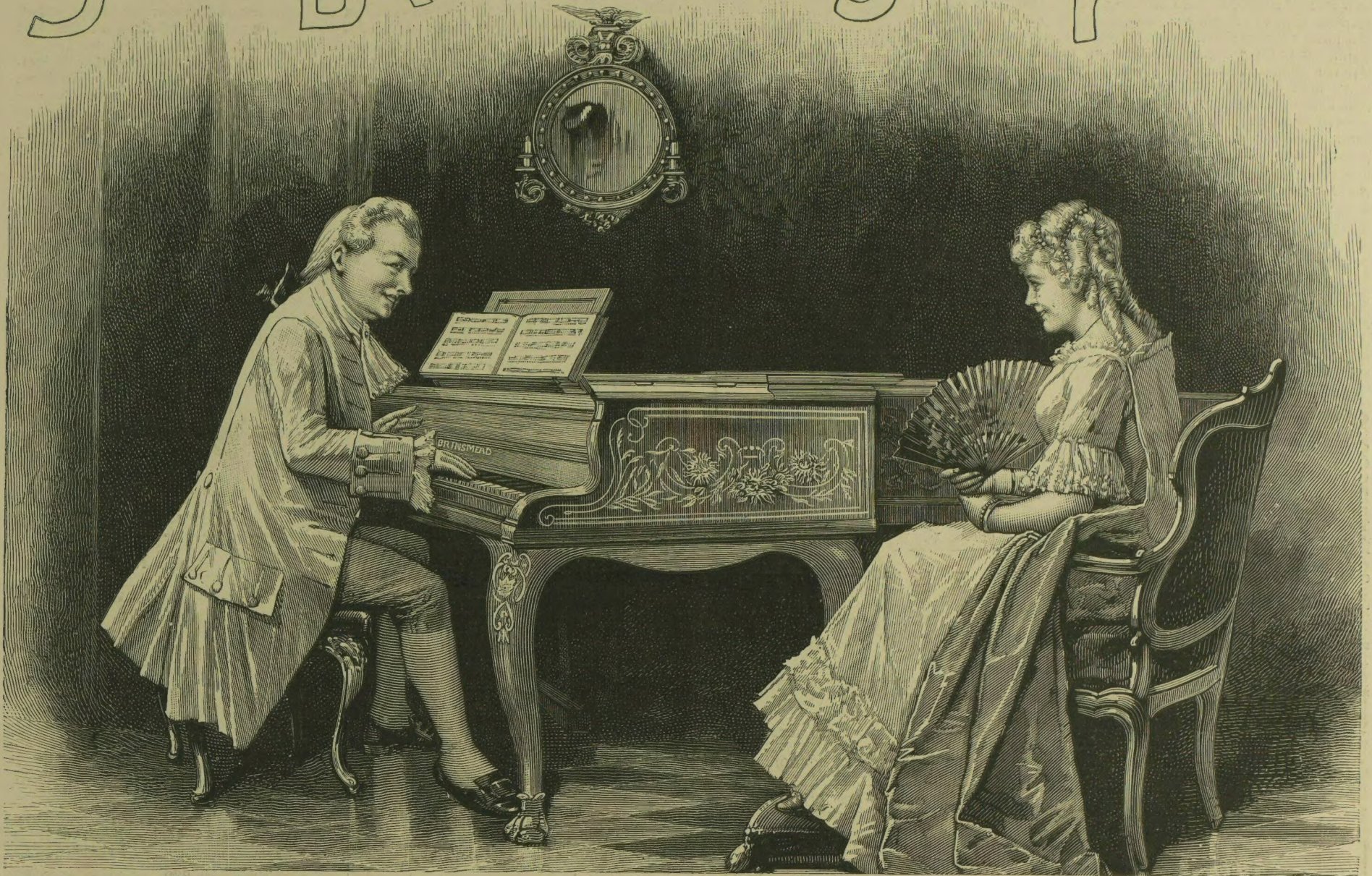


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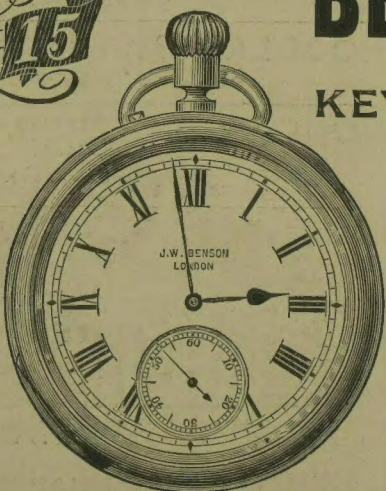
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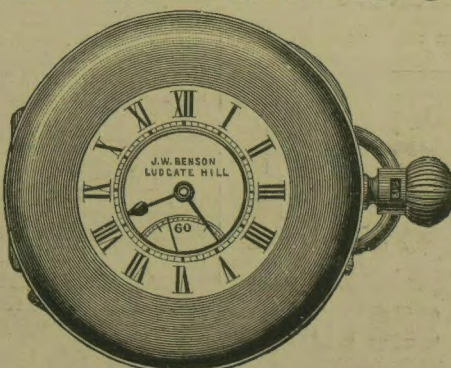
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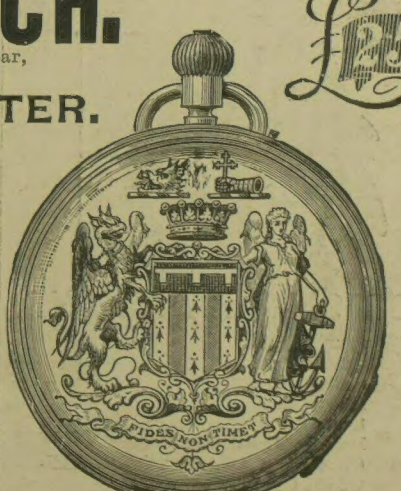
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late of 22, Palmerston Road, Rathmines, both in the county of Dublin, who died on Sept. 5, granted to Benjamin Evans and Richard Maunsell, the executors, has now been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to the Orphan Asylum, Ashley Down (Bristol), Dr. Barnardo's Home, and the Stewart Institution for Lunatics, Palmerston Chapel; £350 each to the Protestant Orphan School at Harold's Cross and the schools for the poor, Mill Street; £300 each to the Midnight Mission (Marlborough Street), the Mission to Lepers in India, the mission work under the care of Mr. Henry Groves (Bankfield, Kendal, Cumberland), the Incurable Hospital (Donnybrook), the Adelaide Hospital, and Rathdown

Hospital, Monkstown; and considerable legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her personal estate she gives to her cousin, the said Benjamin Evans.

The will (dated Sept. 14, 1893) of Mrs. Anne Boyd, formerly of Surmount, Clonmel, Tipperary, and late of 29, Wood Lane, Highgate, who died on Oct. 1, was proved on Oct. 14 by Walter Reynolds and Alfred James Reynolds, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testatrix leaves £2000, upon trust, to pay the income to her daughter Alice Maud Mary, while unmarried, and on her marriage £500 absolutely; and the residue of her property to all her children, including her said daughter, in equal shares.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the

Sheriff of Aberdeen, of the trust disposition and settlement and codicil (dated respectively April 16, 1883, and June 12, 1889), of Major-General Charles David Chalmers, of Monkhill, in the county of Aberdeen, who died on July 20, granted to Miss Margaret Douglas Chalmers, the sister, Farquharson Taylor Garden, and Alexander William Henderson, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 5; the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £6453.

The will of Mr. Charles Gould, formerly of 26, Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, and late of the Hôtel des Pyramides, Monte Video, who died on April 15, was proved on Oct. 11 by Miss Louisa Gould, the sister, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5452.

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For Remedying Prominent Ears, Preventing Disfigurement in after life, Keeps the Hair Tidy. In all sizes. Send measure round head just above ears. Price 3s. 6d.
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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.
No. 337.—NOVEMBER 1893.—2s. 6d.
CONTENTS: 1st MARCH, 1871.—THIRTY YEARS OF SHIKAR—II., by Sir Edward Braddon.—WHAT WAS TARTUFFE? by Henry M. Trollope.—YARROW AND ITS INSUBRIBLED STONE, by Professor Veitch.—THE GLOAMING, by Wallace Bruce.—EARLS COURT, Chaps. XXXVIII.—XL.—REMBRANDT AND THE DUTCH SCHOOL.—LINE-FISHERS V. BEAM-TRAWLERS, by Jessie Quail.—DIARY OF AN IDLE DOCTOR—IV., 1. ITALY IN PARIS: 2. ZOOLOGY, by Axel Munthe.—IN "MAGA'S" LIBRARY.—THE FUR-SEAL AND THE AWARD, by Dr. F. H. H. Guilleminard.
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